

HOME

A HOME WEEKLY

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No 355.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD,
Silver Threads Amor

Author of "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

I sat in the lonesome twilight,
That wrapped the hills about,
And saw, in the blue above me,
The stars as they trembled out.
And I thought of my boys, and wondered,
As a mother alights on a brood,
If they thought of me in the twilight
In their camp on the tented hill.

I said to myself, "The darlings
Must think of me now, I know!
Perhaps they are standing on picket,"
And then I pitied them too.

"Oh, wind of the South, can you tell me!
May be they're all in a fight!"
And then the swift wings of a mother
Hid the world and its stars from my sight.

And then, from the Hills of Heaven,
I heard a grand, sweet voice,
As soft as the winds of Eden,
And it said to me, "Come meet
For the boys you gave to your country
I have gathered home to me.
And here, the peaceful country,
They wait to welcome me."

I knew there had been a battle,
And my boys were among the slain,
Oh, the beautiful boys that I loved so,
And my heart beat slow with pain.
But again they were in my men,
"Oh, mother, forbear the tears,
For there is no war nor parting
In Heaven's eternal years."

And then I rose up in the twilight,
And I lifted my soul to God,
To the land where my boys were waiting
Till my earthly path was trod.
And I cried, "Oh, my boys, I will meet you
Somewhere, by the river of life and throne!"
And there they were waiting for me,
While I journey on alone.

The Mystery of Warren-Guilderland.

BY GRACE MORTIMER

CHAPTER I.
THE DEAD MYSTERY.

It was a brilliant morning in the early days of June that three gentlemen were driving in a smart little conveyance along the coast road of Somerset, where it skirts the Bristol Channel on the one hand, and the great Exmoor waste on the other.

This road was hewn out of the face of a cliff, and overhung the sea at a fiddy height; beneath, the yellow sand-bluffs, scantily clothed with sea-grass, spread in the sun; and over the beach, strewn with polished stones, the ocean stepped with white feet, softly, and sent up the sound of its gentle seething.

swelling the eye along the irregular coast-line, it is arrested by a bold, rocky promontory running out into the sea, and crowned by an ancient castle, a mass of battlements, curtains, towers and bastions, and so swept by the harsh sea-winds that not a leaf clothes its crumbling walls.

Indeed, the whole scene was one of unparalleled bleakness and desolation, and, were it not for the few stunted blue-bells waving their slender stalks at the foot of the rough, low wall which guarded the roadway from the precipice, and the purplish tinge of the rocks, the scene might have been taken from the pictures of some of our most famous painters. The eye might have believed the spot to be blasted by some great conflagration, or swept by some plague-wind, which forbade vegetation forever.

This gentleman was one Herman Berthold, a German, still in the prime of life—that is to say, about thirty years of age. He was of a tall, slight, slight build, his bearing elegant and graceful. He possessed, his countenance frank and winning, though somewhat too abstracted to give the impression of a man in society; and for the rest, he wore his hair and whiskers in the usual German fashion, and answered those who addressed him with a cool yet

The other two gentlemen were the two solicitors who maintained the estates of the newly deceased baron who had named Berthold as his adopted son and heir; their names were, respectively, Mark Gaylure and Caleel Gryppe. The first-named, who was a considerably older person, did not look on the wrong side of fifty; very little swaggering in manner, but he knew what set off his handsome figure best; whereas Gryppe, his partner, was of an extremely disagreeable appearance, yet he was a man of a more than ordinary intellect; when he spoke, despite his personal ugliness, the listener felt all his prejudices melting away as if under the breath of a magician, and when released from the spell declared himself more fascinated by the speaker than by the airy, handsome, plausible Gaylure.

Now, a word to explain the connection of these partners with the affairs of the late Baron Warren-Guiderland.

Messrs. Gryppe and Gaylore were solicitors in excellent standing in London, and had been the juniors of the much-respected house of "Orrington & Co." for the past quarter of a century. The head of the firm, Mr. Orrington, had died very recently, and his two survivors, in looking over his private affairs, had discovered that he held in trust the business management of one of the wealthiest gentlemen in the three kingdoms, Baron Warren-Guiderland.

Surprised at the secrecy with which he had conducted the duties required of him by this distinguished client, they had naturally investigated the matter pretty sharply, and learned that the baron was an old man between seventy and eighty, a bachelor without a single surviving relative that he knew of, and that he lived in absolute solitude in his half-ruined castle by the sea, and had done so ever since the occurrence of the tragedy which had seriously affected his life some forty years previously.

This tragedy is the subject upon which Mr. Gayle is discoursing to his now client as they rattle along the hard white road toward castle Warren, Netherland.

"I had the story from an old man who lived in the village across the moor yonder, one of the old servants of the castle, who has lingered near his master for forty years," Mr. Gayle says, slackening his pace. "He began to stand the acidity upon the top of which stands the castle; "perhaps the best preparation you could have for whatever it is you are about to see in that mysterious chamber, closed for these forty years, is the story of how it came to be so closed. At that time the baron was about your own age, sir. He had been a great trav-



Two human figures were visible through the obscurity. They were the lifeless bodies of Ermentrude of Rosendale and her nameless lover!

eler and had spent very little time in his castle. However, that summer he arrived home from Germany, and announced to his man of business, a true head, Mr. Orrington, that he was about to marry a Berlin lady of noble birth, and proceeded to renovate the castle in the most sumptuous manner. In the meantime, the young countess of extraordinary beauty, by name Elena, daughter of the archduke of Rosendale, arrived in London with her retinue, for it had been decided that they should be married there, for some reason of the State, which was explained. The day before the wedding the baron, dressed in the most magnificent eloped with a young German of her own age, with whom she had been secretly in love, and for whose sake she had evidently consented to leave

her home to come to London, that he might gain
to meet him under the eyes of the king, it was impossible for her
to friends in Berlin. Where the runaway pair went
never discovered. Indeed they have not been
seen since. It is generally supposed that they embarked in some crazy
fishing-boat from the coast, hoping to be picked up
by some vessel of the king's fleet. As for the
baron, he returned to his castle, discharging his
his servants, and has lived there ever since, abso-
lutely alone. A fearful change came over him; he
who used to be so cheerful and kind, so full of
and social disposition, seemed now possessed by a
dumb devil. He would endure no intruder to en-
ter his castle, and he would not be comforted
without the consolations of religion to support him.
He never ventured from his voluntary imprison-
ment, and he required the necessities of
life, and then he disquieted himself by
aware when they were speaking to the 'queer baron,'
as he was and yet is called in the country. Again

And again, the servant I have spoken about, Norris, who used to be his master's favorite valet, had undoubtedly been given permission to live with him, but in vain; he always ordered him away from his presence. A month ago, just after Mr. Harrington's death, the baron sent for him to come and make his will, as he felt himself nearing his end. But when he came, he found that Mr. Harrington being deceased, I came instead, and had a glimpse of the mysteries of the castle, as well as an interview with the eccentric proprietor. I found him in abject helplessness, attended however by his faithful servant, who had at last forced his way to the side of his dying master. It appears that he

has followed the grim doctrines of self-mortification with such rigor that he is now hardly to be distinguished from a skeleton, has denied himself the humblest necessities of life, slept on stones, and fed on crusts and water. How he survived so long is a mystery to me. He was in a perfectly sound state of mind; there was not the smallest shadow of aberration or imbecility, but if ever a man died in the tortures of unavailing remorse, that man did! I drew out his will in your favor, my lord; he directed me to look for you in Berlin, at the house of Madam Weber, the lady of the Inquisition.

As Hagen Weber, the lady who had charge of your wardrobe, said, "I was instructed to add the name of Warren Gueulander to the list, and he formally adopted you as his son and heir, and he formally inherited his title and lands lawfully." He then explained that a certain apartment in the castle was named the 'white chamber,' which he had fitted up for his bride's bower, had been locked by him the day she came home without her, and that no hand but yours was to open it. Why he chose you, a stranger, to be the first to open the door, the top of his blood runs, to be honest, is a mystery which only you can solve. The chamber alone can reveal. Yesterday he died, and now—

"—but here we are; welcome to your own, baron."

With these concluding words Mr. Gaylord drove the dog-cart into the courtyard of the castle and

drew up. The new baron said never a word. He had been dragged from studies which his soul loved, to the possession of an estate and to assume the title of a nobleman. He had been told that he must wait until the lawyer's letter had enlightened him. He cared nothing for wealth. Like the old baron, he had remained a bachelor all his life, partly through the self-absorption of abstruse study, partly that, as Guzman thought, he was content with his country. It did not happen to be of that time which others loved in his interest; he had few friends, one or two connections of noble rank who would have deemed it a high honor to obtain the passing recognition of the great man though he were then the only one who would be overwhelmed by the unexpected favors which fortune had showered upon him!

As he stood in the weedy courtyard, his two men of business deferentially silent beside him, and regarded the weather-beaten towers of the ancient castle, the long, narrow windows, gray archways and moss-covered carvings, his thoughts were far busier with the exact style of the architecture of the building than with its pecuniary value, although his lawyers, unable to comprehend such indifference to the main chance, exchanged a significant glance behind his back, foreseeing a sharp client who would look well after his rights.

It was a dreary welcome surely!
A waste of weedy yard, choked with huge dock
leaves, dusty nettles, yellow yarrow, and rusty red
sedges, a mossy, stone fountain in the midst,
half-smothered in fallen leaves, a clump of
giant elms which leaned over the castle roof,
men bent almost double, tottering out on his staff
from the great open portal, which seemed to yawn
darkly like the mouth of a sepulcher for its dead;
and no living thing else to greet the castle's lord
save the whirling white sea-gulls and the funereal

"This be our new baron; welcome home, my lord," said the old man, lifting his rusty velvet cap from hair as white as the foam at the foot of the cliff.

"And you, I suppose, are Norris, the old baron's faithful servant?" replied Berthold, in his curt, German fashion, but looking the old man through and through.

"His late lordship is properly laid out, I hope," said Mr. Gayleure, in accents decently subdued.

"Thank you," said the old man, and then he

Tears coursed down the old man's face. With a silent bow he waved his new master to enter the castle, and followed, his streaming eyes downcast. "I would see him," said Baron Berthold, as they ascended the black oak stairway.

Norris silently led the way through the long, dim corridors where suits of armor stood along the banner-draped walls, like sentinels, to the door of a chamber.

"He lies here," said the old servant, noiselessly opening it and waving the new baron to enter.

With a light, quick step, the scientist passed into

It was a large and stately apartment; the walls were oak-paneled, and the floor was of polished oak, laid in a golden pattern. A pile of cushions, of comfort, had been thrown on the floor, in front of the long mullioned windows, the ancient Gobelin tapestry from the gloomy walls, the magnificent old eadstead with carved work fit to fill an antiquary with rapture, and tester of needlework not to be seen nowadays, had been stripped of its heavy silk curtains, denuded of its mattress and velvet cushions, and the bare boards of the floor bore only the mortal remains of the late possessor of wealth worth an emperor's coffin!

Baron Berthold—the name by which his solicitors deftly strove to familiarize him to his new station without disagreeably dissociating him from his past—Baron Berthold bent over the dead, contemplating with grave interest the features of the stranger who had made him his heir.

The old baron had been a man of magnificent stature and noble appearance; he was now attenuated, wrinkled, blenched and blighted—a being—as it would seem—accursed. His hair flowed in long, straggling locks down to his shoulders, white as snow, and his beard, bleached to silvery purity, streamed far past his waist. He brought to Berthold's mind the vision of the Accursed Jew, fated to wander through the world till the day of doom because he had lunched at the Christian's table.

"What," mused the new baron, "has this man done? The superstitious would say some crime had blasted him thus!"

Norris had taken care to have his old master decently prepared for interment in the family vault, but as yet, being far from any city, he had not procured the requisites for laying him out in state. A white sheet was spread over the long, stiff figure, and the bony hands were clasped over it, with a pair of white gloves and bloodless fingers. Norris gently disengaged the paper and handed it to Berthold. It was addressed:

"HERMAN BERTHOLD, OF BERLIN."

He opened it, and read:

"I know you not; I have never seen you; I learned of your existence only a month ago, and passing all those who may be alive to claim relationship with me, I name you as my adopted son, my heir, the only mourner at my burial.

"Go alone to the 'white chamber,' and learn the

truth; your parentage, the secret of the curse which has followed me for forty years—all.

"JOHN, BARON WARREN-GUILDERLAND."

Quietly the heir followed the aged servant from the death-chamber, through long, tortuous corridors, up quaint flights of stairs in unexpected places, to a small Gothic door in a lonely *cul de sac* of the passage, beside which a silver lamp burned in a niche.

"He called it the 'flame of memory,'" whispered Norris; "it has burned for forty years." He produced a great key and unlocked the door. A cur-

lain of thick velvet hung inside, the original hue now stained and mildewed past recognition.

Baron Berthold glanced around; Norris was at his back, peering in with breathless curiosity; the lawyers lingered near the end of the corridor in silent suspense. He quietly waved all to retire, and not till the last echo of their footsteps had died away did he lift the curtain.

All was dark as the tomb within.

He went back and took the lamp from its niche, removed the key of the door to its inside, locked it, and then quickly entered the chamber.

The feeble rays showed him a spacious apartment; its walls were hung with an arras of white satin embroidered with silver, the satin yellowed with time and the silver tarnished with mold; the windows were covered by sweeping curtains of rich blue velvet, fringed with silver, a Persian rug of a rich green ground, upon which were embroidered flowers of the same color. In the center of the room, spread upon the center of the floor, and around its margin could be distinguished, through the impenetrable dust of time and decay, the rich inlaid work of dark foreign woods; chairs of massive square design and Moorish low divans heaped with silk and velvet cushions, were grouped about the room, and a number of lamps of the lightest and most

walls on silver sconces, the perfumed oil with which they had been fed still diffusing a faint, breathless odor.

At the remotest end of the vast chamber the baron distinguished a silken screen drawn across a corner.

He walked toward it. His footfall could not be heard upon the thick rug; his flickering light scarcely pierced the gloom ten paces around; his passage, gentle though it was, raised a choking dust in light clouds from floor, seats, and arras. When near the screen he paused, as if some magnetic presence had barred his way.

He placed the lamp upon the marble pedestal of a fair sculptured Eve which stood beside the screen, and retracing his steps to one of the windows, he pushed aside the curtain and undid the heavy fastenings of the door shutters, intending to throw up the sash and admit the wholesome light and air.

He was met by a brick wall!

He hurried to the next; there again the same grim barricade met him, but with an added terror; he could not but see that some hand had attempted to scratch away the mortar and loosen the bricks; the heap of litter on the sill, the torn and defaced

The new baron made the tour of all the windows, discovered that they were all bricked up, and then, with faltering steps, lips compressed and eyes already beginning to kindle, approached once more the screen, catching up the lamp as he passed. One look behind, the trail apart, and a howl—

Two human figures were visible through the obscurity. One—arrayed in woman's garments—lay upon a low Persian sofa of white satin framed by a rich fretwork of silver, and the other seemed to kneel on the carpet at her side, his hand holding hers, his head resting on the cushion which supported her.

Their garb was of the fashion of forty years ago—their bones were fleshless—their shroud was the light dust of the passing years: *they were the skeletons of Ermentrude of Rösendale and her nameless lover!*

CHAPTER II.

THE BARON'S CRIME AND THE ACCURSED COIN.

HERMAN BERTHOLOD had passed rather a peculiar life—that is to say, peculiar when one takes into

CHAPTER II.

THE BARON BERTHME AND THE ACCUSED COIN.

HERMAN BERTHME had passed rather a peculiar life—that is to say, peculiar when one takes into consideration the attendant circumstances. From an early age he had been, as the saying is, independent of the world; the only guardian he had known was an aged German lady who had once been the governess and confidante in the family of his mother, Duke Othmar. She had devoted her life to the boy, had educated him herself until he had passed his infancy, and had then placed him at the finest academies of his favored land, but she had died, leaving him penniless and without a cent.

"That," said the stanch old dame, "was but her secret; it had been bequeathed to her by her mother, and she had intended to see return to claim it for her son."

"For the rest," some of the judges in Berlin made no secret of their connection

young lady, who had been prepared by a lie, thought all was as it should be; the conspiracy worked as was expected; the victim was secured, and Margaret, staring wildly at the man beside her, was told that she was his beautiful wife, and that he was taking her to the dock, where a small-boat lay in waiting to take them out to the vessel which sailed at midnight for his home in South America.

In vain she appealed to the coachman; he had been bribed; she was indeed lost; only death could rescue her now.

The senior lowered his bride into the arms of the two sailors who waited, bidding them hold her until he stepped into the boat. The desperate young creature, resolved on *death* rather than the detested fate in store for her, purposely set her feet on the edge of the small-boat and upset it, throwing herself and the men into the ice-cold water.

In the darkness and cold they failed to rescue her, and she went drifting with the tide—down into oblivion.

CHAPTER IX.

"A TERRIBLE accident has happened. Say nothing to anybody but come quickly! I am half mad!"

LOPEZ, at the St. Nicholas.

Branthope, receiving this note, hurries to his co-conspirator and hears the news. He is struck with remorse, but is cautious and wily enough to have it go forth to the world that his cousin's elopement was of her own choice. Much sympathy is felt for the rich gentleman whose young wife has been the victim of so terrible an accident. Senior Martinique offered large sums for the recovery of her body, and waited several days in the hope of securing it. On the seventh day a mutilated body was found, and identified by both the husband and cousin as Margaret's. After attending to its burial, the senior sailed for South America. Branthope went home to break the news to his uncle, who died under the shock, and his property, though worth to Margaret, reverted to Branthope as the nearest relative after her death.

By a career of luxury he now sought to dissipate remorse.

CHAPTER X.

THE wife of the captain of a canal-boat, laid up for the winter close to a harbor dock, had a baby sick in the night, when she was startled by a fall against the cabin door. She opened it to find the drenched figure of a woman, apparently nearly frozen to death. The insensible stranger was taken in and revived.

There was evidently a deep mystery about her; but the humble captain and his good wife did not allow this to interfere with their kindness. The young lady was ill for some time. After they had won her confidence, she told them her history, which they promised to keep a secret. She begged their protection for the present, remaining in the little crowded cabin of the boat and sharing their strange, rough life with her new friends. Margaret, the betrayed bride, was lost but had not perished.

CHAPTER XI.

MARGARET remains in the canal-boat all winter. She does embroidery, which the captain's wife sells for her to the fancy-stores, until, time giving her confidence, she ventures out to the dock at dusk to dispose of her work. In one of these excursions she is met and recognized by the brutal driver of the carriage which conveyed the senior and his bride from the church to the dock. He speaks to her, threatens her and dogs her to her retreat. She now becomes *The Hunted Bride*!

CHAPTER XII.

SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE.

ONE bright day, about the first of March, as Mr. Branthope Maxwell loitered on the steps of the Astor House, whither he had gone, from his office in Park Row, to take his daily lunch, a rough-looking fellow nudged him, and as he turned angrily to inquire into the cause of the freedom, winked at him and said:

"I was told you would be willin' to tip a five to git hold of this," and he held up a piece of brown paper, folded like a letter, and inscribed in a most original hand, to J. B. Maxwell, Esq.

"If Branthope had kept a perfectly clear conscience, he doubtless would have turned on his heel and left the fellow; but never, since that dark night on which he had committed himself to a wicked fraud upon his confiding and helpless cousin, had he been quite at ease. He was sure that she rested where her fading lips would tell no tales, yet he started, often, with a sense of insecurity, as if she were behind him, and about to upbraid him with his falsehood. Now, he saw no possible connection between this ill-looking fellow, holding the yellow scrap, and that event which had culminated so tragically, yet he thought of Margaret—still more, perhaps, of Senior Martinique, and he paused to hear what communication the man might have to make.

"A friend of mine, Gus Nichols by name, sent it. Fact is, to mention his present address, it's Blackwell's Island, where the chance about easy to maintain; but as I was goin' out as he was comin' in, he slipped me this, at dinner, and told me you'd willin' tip me a five to deliver it safely to you, sir."

"I don't know any Gus Nichols, and have not the pleasure of an acquaintance with any of the visitors at the Island, that I am aware of," said Branthope, with ironical politeness; but even while he was speaking, there was an unpleasant sensation in his throat, and his pulse quickened.

"Praps you ain't the same Mr. Maxwell. Praps I'd better advertise in the papers," remarked the other, trying, turning away with the message in his hand.

"Stop!" said Branthope, flushing. "I will read the communication, whatever it is, and if it is worth the sum you charge for delivering it, I will pay you the five dollars."

Taking the letter and turning into the hall, to escape notice, he unfolded the crude missive, trembling with excitement.

Written, as it was, with a pencil, on dark paper, he had difficulty in deciphering the brief note, which ran thus:

"Mr. Maxwell, "Sit—I drop the bride on a groom to the bote that night. As I felt real sorry to hear of her being drowned, wish I nu was soolside, you may guess I was relieved to meet her, alive an well, an haan as ever, not ten days ago, in a certin part of the city. I shoed a writ to the Senior, but, unfortunately, I was sent out to bord chepe about that time an now if you see me, you may get an interview, or wate till I me out wick will be too months; wick will not be proident on akount of her taking herself of agin. Pay the man who brung this five dollars, as I promised an come out as soon as you can mak it konvinyunt. No more, and under difkultis not hev in choice of paper. Gus Nichols."

When young Maxwell had deciphered this communication, he thrust the paper in an inner pocket, went out, paid the man the money, dismissing him with a nod, walked over to his office, and was glad, upon entering, to find himself alone. Everything about him looked differently from what it had when he went out to lunch; the handsome office furniture seemed changed from green to blue; he looked his door, threw himself upon the sofa, and again went through with that very unpleasant and unexpected episode. An immense obstruction had suddenly arisen in that road of prosperity, along which he had been smoothly flying at forty-two speed. He must wait up, to avoid a ruinous collision—but there was the obstacle—how to get it out of his path, was the question. Good heavens! if Margaret was alive and in the city, he was penniless. His uncle's will bequeathed every dollar to her; and the agreement he had entered into with Senior Martinique to abandon that fortune to him, with the supposition that his uncle would alter his will after the apparent desertion of his adopted daughter, would, of course, avail him nothing. Not only was he penniless, but in danger of blasting exposures from his cousin's lips. The senior was far away; it would take time to communicate with him. Branthope knew, although poor Margaret was too timid and inexperienced to act upon it, that she could appeal to the law for protection from so fraudulent a transaction as her marriage.

Any court would give her a legal release. The whole success of the plot against her, as devised by himself and Martinique, depended upon her being taken immediately to a foreign country, where she would have no courage to, nor means of appeal, or where, as the wife of the latter, compelled to live with him, she would learn, by degrees, to be reconciled to her husband. This had been the plan upon which they had so boldly acted.

We will not say that, for a few moments, the young man had not felt relief and pleasure at the announcement that his cousin lived; for her death had weighed as heavily upon his conscience as anything could on that mercurial and selfish temperament of his—a temperament so fond of ease and pleasure as to get rid of remorse as soon as might be, as a companion too gloomy for the society in which it found itself.

He had felt some thrill of joy in the midst of his trepidation—but now, as he thought upon the results, all that was lost in vexation and dread of the consequences. To think how many sad moments he had had on her account! the crape on his hat, worn as much for her as for his uncle of the tear he had wasted on her supposed grave that day of the lonely burial! truly, it was annoying to have the dead coming back in this style! While, as for allowing a young gentleman to suppose himself heir to a handsome estate, and to regulate his expenses and expectations accordingly, and then come back and snatch it from him, leaving him dependent on his own exertions, was it not simply unbearable? He had no intention of bearing such a catastrophe if he could avert it; his present great uneasiness was caused by the fear that steps might already have been taken by Margaret to render futile any efforts of his own.

Mr. Maxwell was engaged to attend that evening a party at the house of a banker, who had a brother who was a despot, and to whom he had been paying a devoted attention, which he intended should culminate, that very night, occasion offering, in a proposal of marriage. He had little reason to anticipate a refusal from child or parents.

He went to the gay reunion, danced the lancers—which was the newest and fashionable dance, just coming in that season—delightfully, was as brilliant and handsome as usual, set the young heart of Violet to dancing as lightly as her feet, made her blush and smile at his will, but he did not propose. He felt too much as if he were on the edge of a precipice, which he must instant, break and engulf him. It would be more prudent at least to wait until he could see this unknown prisoner who had given him such disagreeable information.

The next day he went up to the Island, told the officers he wished to see Gus Nichols, and some inquiries with regard to a passenger whom he had once driven to a vessel about to sail for the south. To such a well-dressed and well-looking young gentleman the officials were pleased to make themselves useful, and he was allowed a few moments' conversation with the hack-driver.

The way in which these two—the rough and the gentleman—played against each other in the little game on hand, would have been amusing to a third person. Gus Nichols had information to sell, and Maxwell was willing to buy, as soon as he could get the other ready to part with it in his possession. Gus refused from the first to say anything, unless well paid, affirming that when he got out of that jug he should have no difficulty in making the senior pay twice as much as his friend, which Branthope thought was quite likely. Maxwell finally paid him in a note for five hundred dollars, to be paid the 20th of April, the day the prisoner would be at liberty to claim it. When this was in his possession the hack-driver told about recognizing the lady, disguised in the plain dress of a seamstress, and seemingly living somewhere not very far from the pier at which the supposed catastrophe had taken place. It was his theory that she had been picked up by some of the sailors, or others, who live along the river, and that she was staying in a canal-boat, called the Sally Ann, laid up at a certain dock for the winter, and inhabited by the family of a canal-boatman.

She remained there, doubtless, for the purpose of concealment, while perfecting some plan for ultimately claiming her property and protecting herself from her persecutors. This last conjecture was Branthope's, who knew, in the guilty glances of his soul, that his cousin had power to ruin him, even as he had injured him. But was the man certain of the identity of this disguised lady? Yes, he had "grabbed her," pulled her veil off, accused her, and made her confess. He would have followed her on board the boat, but them—unfortunately, at that moment, he was prevented, by circumstances beyond his control.

Branthope returned to the city in a mental state of the deepest gloom. He felt very much injured by the present state of affairs. However, he would not do to sit down in a funk. He must ascertain first of all if the fellow's story had a grain of truth in it. He almost hoped it had not. Gus had given him the street and the lumber-yard as the guide to the Sally Ann. That evening the pretty Violet, receiving so many other calls, looked in vain for the one which alone she longed for. Some one stronger than even the claims of society called Mr. Maxwell to a place very different from the illuminated parlors of the banker. Slightly disguised by his thickest overcoat, and a muffler wrapped about the lower part of his face, the elegant Mr. Maxwell lowered about the lumber-yard in a manner well calculated to excite the notice of the police. If any stray blue-coat had taken him to task he would probably have been much embarrassed in attempting to give a lucid explanation of his errand to the yard. However, he was successful in avoiding notice, and gradually, as twilight deepened, he crept nearer to his goal, he found himself very close to that curious domicile of a thriving family, the Sally Ann. The darkness was such as to make the wanderings of a stranger to the locality rather dangerous to limb and life; but there was a faint light shining from the cabin of the boat, and after a time Branthope worked his way along upon its deck, and with beating heart crawled to a little window, across which the curtain chanced not to be fully drawn. Very cautiously he ventured a first glance. A good-natured little man and a good-natured little woman sat by a tiny stove, each of them with a baby on their knee, which they petted and played with as they talked about their family affairs. They sat with their faces toward the stove, and away from the window, so that, after the first careful glance, he ventured to press his own face closer to the glass, seeing that they were not likely to detect him until they had changed their position. "That Nichols is a fool," said the young man to himself; "there's nobody here but that vulgar lot. As if Margaret, anyhow, could stop in such a hole! She couldn't stand it three days."

But what was that shadow. Some one whom he could not see must be sitting on this side the room, by the little table, sewing. The regular movement of the arm, as the thread was drawn out after every stitch, appeared in shadow against the opposite side, falling on a curtain which hung before a fire-breasting. Branthope still close to the glass, he peered as far in as possible. In vain. He could see nothing of the invisible seamstress. Presently she made some slight movement which brought the shadow of her head and bust also upon the curtain. There was something in the outline of the head and neck, albeit the shadow was not well defined, which reminded him of Margaret. His pulse beat in his ears; he began to tremble, unmoved by a shadow.

He waited some time, hoping the shadow would give place to the substance, and he should be certain of what he now supposed. But the patient movement of the arm went on, until the pleasant little man arose with a yawn, saying in a loud, hearty tone—"Wal, good woman, I reckon I'll go outside, and give Lucille a chance to turn in."

Then there was a low murmur of another voice, which he could not make out, the more particularly as he had been obliged to withdraw from too close proximity to the glass; but the tones of the boatman again broke in, as hearty as ever—"Wal, wal; not sleepy, hey? No, I

suppose not. Hain't been out in the open air as much as I have. Wal, Sally, we'll let Lucille take a little promenade on deck while we bunk, then."

Lucille! Lucille was not Margaret! He had little time to hope, fear, or consider. The baby was tucked in its cradle, the boy in the lower berth, the motion of the needle and thread was suspended; the unseen woman who had plied it was rising and laying aside her work to come outside for a few moments while the gentleman of the house retired. To such humble devices to preserve her delicacy, Margaret had come!—it was both sad and ludicrous. He came very near bursting into nervous paroxysms of laughter; but he controlled himself, and in time, thanking his stars that they were clouded, as he stooped behind a barrel of garbage which had passed by his side, and some one opened the cabin-door and closed it again. Lucille, of course—they had called her so.

The woman, whoever she was, began to walk slowly back and forth along the deck. It was very dark, but she, doubtless, was well accustomed to this evening promenade. Branthope, peering from behind the barrel, could scarcely make out the outline of the figure, but he was able to decide that it was tall and slender—her form, her gliding, graceful walk. Never before in his life had he experienced such a fullness of conflicting emotions, crowding his breast to suffocation, as while crouching there, watching the silent shape pass to and fro, all unconscious of his proximity. The ghost of murder which had haunted him passed away; but in its place remained the knowledge of the danger which hung over his own hopes. The relief of finding Margaret alive was certainly great; the dread of losing the fortune which he had usurped was greater. A more hardened wrong-doer might have thought of putting her out of the way, even Branthope had been tempted, although she started, when he saw her, and he knew that she was mean enough and selfish enough to keep what he had, if possible, no matter what the consequences of want or poverty to his cousin.

Presently she stopped quite near him, lifted her face to the starless heavens, and sighed:

"What a life for me to lead!" she murmured—her voice.

With the courage of a coward, Branthope took a sudden resolution. "Margaret!" he whispered, rising and laying his hand on her arm. It must be that she recognized that soft whisper, which once had such power to move her, for she did not start, although she started, and, shaking off his touch, turned upon him quickly. It was too dark for him to read the expression of scorn, if not hatred, on her face.

"Am alone. Don't be afraid," he continued, soothingly. "My dear cousin, you can't tell how glad I am to know that you are alive—that you did not—escaped drowning," stammering a little over the unpleasant subject.

"Leave me, sir! don't touch me—don't speak to me! It is just like you, Branthope Maxwell, to be playing the spy. What other meanness will come next?" speaking fiercely, but in repressed tones, which did not reach the inmates of the cabin.

"Listen to me just a moment, Margaret. I must explain my part in that trick we played you. Indeed, I never dreamed you would take it so seriously. I did it half out of pity for poor Martinique, who I sincerely believed was a pity there had not been a good light on Margaret's face that the speaker might have had the benefit of his expression at that instant. 'It is true that I expected to supplant you in Uncle Peter's favor, and to obtain the whole of a fortune which would amount to nothing worth having, for either of us, being halved; but I knew, at the same time, that you were becoming partner in greater wealth—that you received ten times what I took away from you. I was in debt, harassed, desperate! Martinique made the proposition, and was forced to consent, for I owed him a great deal of money. He swore to always be kind to you, and to surround you with luxuries. I did not dream that you would be so—obstinate about it. If I had realized, as I did after your rash act, how much you loved me, dear cousin, I would not have—"

"You are harsh, Mrs. Martinique." (He used the term purposely, and if there had been light he would have seen that it told, in the sudden paling of her attitude.) "If you desire it to be open war, let it be open war. That suits me as well."

"And me much better. I can believe in your enmity, but not in your friendship."

"Well, then, what steps do you propose to take to recover the Maxwell estates, at present in my possession?"

"I will abandon them to you, for a consideration."

"What?" he eagerly asked.

"That you take it upon yourself to see that Mr. Martinique never becomes aware of my existence. That you not only do not betray the fact of my being rescued to him, but that you take every means to prevent his discovering it. That, should he ever return to New York, you immediately give me warning, that I may take care to keep out of his way. That you take care of the hack-driver's hiding-place, that you guard against his mouth being stopped, and guarding against his communicating with Mr. Martinique. Upon your taking an oath to do this, I am ready to promise to change my name, conceal my identity, and never to unpleasantly remind you of my right."

"I thought the young lawyer to himself: 'she is easier managed than I thought. Evidently her great dislike of that man overbears every other consideration. She does not know that she has only openly to complain against us, and avow the fraud, to be able to protect herself. Fear has dulled my cousin's usually keen perceptions. Very well—nothing under the circumstances, could suit me better.' Aloud, he said, 'But what will you do, cousin? You have no means. Why do you persist in refusing wealth and protection, if not romantic happiness?'"

"Leave the choice with me. I shall never live with that man as his wife. You ought to know that by this time. All I ask is peace. Do not persecute me. Let me alone. I can earn a living, I dare say."

"Yes, but such a life for a lady like you, Margaret?"

"If I had the wealth of a Rothschild, I could not enjoy it now. What is life for me, under any aspect, but endurance?"

There was a sad, almost wild dreariness and hopelessness in her voice, which touched him deeply, alarmed as he was for his own welfare.

"When I have a home of my own, Margaret, which I expect to have before many months, why not share it with us? There are few or none in the city who will recognize you, and I can better protect you from the claims of your husband." This he said, because he could not say less, but he felt relieved at her peremptory answer, albeit it was not flattering.

"You are incapable of insult, Branthope, for you do not know when you are guilty of it—but don't make me too angry. Take the Maxwell estate, name, power, and honor—I give it to you—I am done with it. But I warn you, if you allow that man to reach me, something more desperate will occur than has yet happened—and I shall have my affairs in such shape that the story will not fail to reach the world. I threaten you with exposure and blame as deserved. I know your way—I will go mine. When we meet by chance it will be as strangers. If there comes an absolute necessity for your communicating with me, my name will be Lucille Meriden. When

that fellow comes out of prison, silence him as you best know how."

"But, money—you are in want of some money, Mar-Lucille?"

"No aims from you, sir. If I should be obliged to call upon you as my banker, you will, doubtless, honor my drafts. Any sum necessary to quiet that hack-driver you must furnish. That is in the contract. And now, take but my oath. She made under the conditions of his remaining in possession of the estate, and he swore to fulfill them."

"The best way to silence Gus Nichols will be to convince him that he was mistaken in the lady, continued Branthope, as Lucille turned to go in. 'At all events, I don't believe he can obtain Martinique's address. On the principle that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, he will be satisfied with plucking me. I shall be sharp enough to manage him. But, Lucille, I would advise you to change your residence before he is loose again. He will prow around here, of course. Why not go to some other city?'"

"Perhaps I shall. One thing is certain—the Sally Ann will not be here in April. As soon as the ice breaks up she is off."

"Shall I come to see you again?"

"No."

"Well—good-night."

"Good-evening, sir."

Branthope felt very small and mean as he turned away from the motionless figure, so slender, yet so full of power, which, even through the dim night, made its majesty felt. Deuced fine girl! got the Branthope prize! expect I ought to have married her," he soliloquized, as, after getting clear of the boat, and the lumber-yard, he walked rapidly away.

(To be continued.)

SONG.

Wind, wind, wandering wind,
Merrily wing you away
O'er the breadth of the valley to find
One lone porch where the roses are twined,
Where you love to linger and play,
While somebody peeps through the door to see
If some one elses at the gate may be,
And wonders at his delay!
Ah, wind, wandering wind,
Nobody, surely, can call you blind!

Wind, wind, is it not fair,
And bright in its innocent glee,
That little coy face with its witchery rare,
And brown wavy tresses of loose-blowing hair,
And eyes as blue as may be?
Ah, you may love it, and kiss it, and pause
To gloat on its exquisite beauty, because
I am not at all like you, I find
Though you are a sort of a rival, I find
For she loves the caress of the soft-breathing wind.

Wind, wind, wandering wind,
How often I sigh for your wings,
That never a fetter may trammel or bind!
You can reach her so quickly, and leave me behind.
Among work-wary places and things,
But, now that the end of the day is all done,
I may haste to my love with the fall of the sun,
When only the nightingale sings.
Then, my wing full speed to my darling, and
To say I am following, wandering wind!

The Silver Lining.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

"EVERY cloud has its silver lining." But it seemed to Helen Livingstone that there could be none to her sorrow-cloud, it was so dark and heavy.

And yet her home was a most luxurious mansion, she had everything money could buy, she was yet young, and very beautiful. But there is one sorrow which cannot avert—death. Two years ago her husband, proud, noble-hearted Edward Livingstone, died. That almost crushed her, but she bore up for the sake of his son—her bright-eyed, golden-haired Eddie.

And now Eddie was gone. And since the day they laid him beside his father, all her energy was gone. All her hopes and interests in life left her, and all day long she lay upon the sofa or sat in a deep lounging-chair in her darkened chamber, scarcely eating food enough to sustain life, refusing to see any friends except her own family, and resisting all entreaties to go out for a breath of air.

And here her sister, Mrs. Maxwell, found her, as she came one bright morning, bringing a breath of Heaven's fresh loveliness into the close, perfumed and heated chamber.

"Come, Helen, do come out for a little ride," she entreated. "I've brought my own carriage and ponies, and I'll drive you myself. It is such a lovely morning! Please, Helen!"

But Helen merely nodded wearily on her sofa.

"No, no, Sue! How can you ask me?"

"It will do you good, Helen," pleaded Sue.

"I don't want to be done good. I only want to be alone. I never want to leave this room until I am carried out as poor little Eddie was," moaned Helen.

"And that won't be long, I'm thinking, if you are allowed to go on in this fashion," muttered Sue, under her breath, while she said aloud, using a last argument, "Please come, Helen. We'll drive to Laurel Hill and take some flowers to Edward and Eddie."

But still the mourner only sighed. "No, Sue, no! I send flowers out every day. But I can't go myself; don't tease me, Sue."

Poor Sue stood still, her bright eyes full of tears, looking at her sister for a while. Then she turned abruptly and left the room without another word. And she drove her pretty ponies straight to the house of a dear old Quaker friend—in two senses—into whose presence she carried her petition.

"Aunt Rachel, do please go and see Helen!" she begged. "I can do nothing with her none of us can, and if you can't I don't know what will become of her!"

"Thee knows I will do what I can," softly returned Rachel Dalrymple. "Sit thee down here and tell me all about Helen."

And having heard about Rachel, she drove her dove-colored plumage, and went in Sue's carriage to the mourner's home.

"The servants will not want to admit you, but don't be denied," said Sue, as aunt Rachel got out.

The dear old lady nodded, and when the door was opened she walked in at once.

"I have come to see Helen Livingstone," she said.

"Mrs. Livingstone does not see visitors," explained the waiter.

"She will see me. I will not trouble thee to go with me," she said, as she continued straight up to Helen's darkened chamber.

Entering with a soft tap, she crossed the room and took Helen's thin, white hand.

"I have come to see thee, Helen," she said, softly. "But I cannot say I do see thee—thy chamber is too dark, dear."

She walked at once to the window, and drew aside the heavy curtains, letting in a flood of golden sunlight.

"Oh, the light!" moaned Helen, turning away her head.

"We cannot live without the light, my dear," said aunt Rachel, turning to a seat close beside Helen.

"Now, Helen," she said, gently, "I am older than thee, and I've been through the deep waters of tribulation. Tell me all thy troubles, and I will help thee if I can."

The gentle words and tones went to Helen's heart, and she burst into a torrent of such tears as had not shed before since her bereavement.

Two or three hours aunt Rachel stayed, and continued her tender ministrations, and when she left she had won from Helen a promise that she would no longer nurse her sorrow in selfish loneliness, but go about in the world, and endeavor to do the duties still left to her.

"If thee tries to do right, thee'll find there is some happiness left yet," said gentle aunt Rachel. And though Helen did not quite believe she could ever be happy, she knew her wealth afforded her large means of doing good, and for that she would try to live.

A few months later the winter snow had covered Eddie and his father with a robe of spotless white, and it was near the happy Christmas-tide.

More than one humble home in the great city had been brightened by Helen's generous Christmas gifts, and she began to take some pleasure in these pleasant duties.

"So many people have beautifully said: 'Happiness is a perfume which we cannot sprinkle over others without spilling a few drops on ourselves.' And Helen, in seeing how she made others happy, was far happier herself than she had ever hoped to be again.

The day before Christmas she had word of an aged and bedridden relative across the river, on the Jersey side, and she at once went over to see her.

As she stepped upon the ferry-boat to return, she found it very crowded, and with difficulty found a seat next a plain, neat-looking country woman who had with her a little fellow of five or six years, and Helen's heart thrilled as she looked at the little face with its bright blue eyes and golden hair, for it bore quite a resemblance to the dear face of her lost Eddie.

She could not help speaking to the child, and trying to win it to her, and presently she had him upon her knee.

"What is your little boy's name?" she said, addressing the woman.

"Eddie Hamilton," said the stranger, with a sigh, and Helen's heart thrilled again at the familiar name.

"But he's not my child, he's an orphan," continued the woman.

"Ah?" commented Helen, interested at once.

"No, ma'am, he's not mine. His mother was a widow, and came to Brookville, where I live, a year ago come next March. She was very poor, and she had a little house right next to us, and tried to make her living with her needle. But she made her death, and what she made—and we couldn't bear to see the little chap suffer, and him not a friend in the world, as we know of, so we took him, me and my John, and we've kept him ever since."

"Do you still intend to keep him?" asked Helen.

"We can't, ma'am. We're poor, hard-working folks, and we've got five children of our own. John had a bad fall last week—he can get about the house, but the doctors say he won't be able to work a lick this winter. It don't stand to reason as we would keep an extra one, and be just to the rest, does it?"

"No, indeed," returned Helen, politely.

"That's what's taking me to the city to-day," returned the woman. "We hated to do it, me and John did, awful bad, but we didn't see any other way to do, so I'm a-taking him to the Orphan Asylum. Do you think they'll be good to him, ma'am?"

A thought which had struggled in Helen's heart for the last few minutes found expression now.

"I don't know," she said, eagerly. "But I do know some one who would! You say you are poor—I am rich, and I am widowed and childless. I have lately lost my husband and my little Eddie, and I am alone and lonely. Give me your little Eddie, and I will love him, and be good to him, and bring him up as my own child."

"Are you in earnest, ma'am?" asked the countrywoman.

"Indeed I am! He looks like my lost Eddie—that is what first made me notice him—and it seems to me as if Heaven had sent him to me. He is my Christmas present! Oh, do let me have him!"

"I can't say no, ma'am. I am sure he will have a happy home with you," replied the woman, earnestly.

"Go with me and see!" cried Helen. "Your John would approve, I am sure. Please tell me your name."

"Reynolds is my name."

"Mine is Livingstone. Now, Mrs. Reynolds, you shall go home with me. It is not near the distance it is out to the Orphan Asylum, and you shall see how I will do for little Eddie. Oh, I am so happy to have him, and Helen Reynolds hugged the child to her silken bosom, she did, indeed, feel that he was, in some measure, her lost Eddie, restored.

So when Mrs. Livingstone's elegant carriage met her on the city side of the ferry, she took Mrs. Reynolds and little Eddie to her handsome home. And over a dainty dinner, which Helen ordered, they made all arrangements and plans for little Eddie's transfer to his new mamma.

For Helen proposed to adopt and educate him as her own son, with her own name, taking pride in the thought, that, after all, an Edward Livingstone might bear the name, and wear the wealth and honors of the family.

When Mrs. Reynolds returned home, Helen sent her to the ferry in her carriage again, to save her the long walk.

"Come to see Eddie whenever you like," she said, as they parted, for Helen was sure to be proud about her—she was too true a lady for that—and I will bring him to see you. I don't



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A MAGNIFICENT ROMANCE!

In this issue are given the first chapters of

THE RED CROSS;

OR,

The Mystery of Warren-Guiderland.

A ROMANCE OF THE ACCURSED COINS.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

One of the most powerful, beautiful and brilliant works of fiction since the days of Eugene Sue's "Wandering Jew." It is based upon the legend of the pieces of Jewry with which Judas Iscariot was bribed to betray the Savior. One of them is preserved, in a certain family, to bear down through the generations the taint and curse of

Enormous Wealth and Measureless Woe!

and though hidden away in Warren-Guiderland's most secret repository, it reappears in our own day to do a work of singular ill, wrong and misery, most strangely involving numerous remarkable characters, with incidents so widely distributed as to make it

A TALE OF THREE CONTINENTS.

is a story of marvelous interest, both of persons, plot and circumstance, that literally leads the reader captive with its weird charm and subtle power. Any analysis of a work of its scope and significance were not possible in a mere announcement. A lengthy notice would be requisite to do it justice in its general or special features.

THE BAFFLING POWER OF THE COIN!

is defined by its new possessor, a young German professor, and in pursuing the hunt for the true heirs of the vast Warren-Guiderland estate, he becomes the chief actor in a most peculiar, eventful and exciting drama, in which loves, hates, fears, ambitions and greed, all are ever active elements. But, uppermost in interest, through all the strange narrative, runs the pathos and beauty of

Doubly Sweet Love Story!

like sunlight over the heaving waters of a fierce sea, that breaks through and through all, and gives to the otherwise almost painfully interesting chapters a sense of the beautiful that is beautiful indeed. And in commending it to the lovers of pure fiction, we are simply anticipating the verdict of every reader in pronouncing it

THE NOVEL OF TEN THOUSAND!

OUR PREMIUM.—As our readers well know we have spoken disparagingly of the "chromos" usually offered as "premiums," and for the good reason that, with few exceptions, they have been coarse colored lithographs, almost wholly destitute of any art value. Such prints—for that is what they are—serve no purpose but to give their possessors a very wrong impression of what a good chromo is, and certainly add nothing of intrinsic worth to the paper's inducements.

A good picture is a desirable possession, and its dissemination is almost sure to inspire a taste for true art. When we can obtain such a work as the Olograph (old chromo) "LOOK AT ME, MAMMA!" by a well-known artist, and produced only by twelve distinct impressions—we shall regard it both as a pleasure and a privilege to place it within reach of our friends. Those who possess this charming and sweetly-suggestive picture will have something to make home beautiful, in the true sense.

GREAT CAPTAINS.—The new series of papers from Dr. Legrand's pen, "Great Captains," will comprise brilliant brief, biographies of noted soldiers and sailors. Like his previous papers, it will be history and biography combined, treating not only of Great Captains but of the great events that added lustre to their names. The series will be eminently interesting, and instructive in the best sense; and we are sure will be greatly enjoyed by all intelligent readers.

Sunshine Papers.

The Doctrine of Signs.

As a child I was taught by the parson to believe that the days of direct revelation belonged entirely to a past dispensation. But, as I have grown to years of understanding, with all due reverence for the dear man's teachings, I have been forced to the conclusion that his scriptural theories were too advanced for the age.

This conviction has often come to me as I have received instructions from my friends that enabled me to read the future; as I have been solemnly assured of signs that "without fail," predicted such and such fulfillments; as I have been warned that such and such an event having come to pass in regard to a person, such another event would surely happen. Had I received these warnings from less excellent authority, or gained my instructions from more questionable teachers, I might never have come to doubt my youthful theological views and believe in present direct revelations of coming events. But when wise and laudable matrons, intelligent and educated acquaintances, credited by society at large with an unusual amount of common sense, chosen companions whom we regard as remarkably bright young persons, are all enrolled believers in the doctrine of revelation of the workings of futurity through the happening of given signs, what can a poor mortal—not any too thoroughly versed in the art of theological refutation—do but let go of the past tenets and adopt the popular theories? Is it for me to set up my old-fashioned ideas, imbibed from the parson, when more modern persons than he tell me that, as I broke a mirror, one of our family will die shortly, or I shall "have bad luck for seven years?"

To be sure I may entertain, privately, the opinion that Providence takes a less dignified method than most persons, with any developed bump of veneration, reverence, or awe, would suppose possible in the revelation of the plans of the All-Wise; and I may speculate over the mystery of a revelation concerning what we can not ascertains, and I may marvel why a combination of quicksilver and glass should meet with more favor as a medium of communication between Omnipotence and humanity than a sloop-jar, or an oil-lamp, or any other little household convenience; but I would not think of giving such

heretical thoughts to the public; no, indeed! Far be it from me to set up myself against the authorities on the matter of signs. As I said, I see that the parson and I—in my youth—were all wrong; and that the "old dispensation"—"of superstition," did I hear you say? What, superstition in this highly civilized nineteenth century? Why, my friend, you make me blush for your lack of perception! Let me hear no more of superstition!—has not yet passed away but that to many minds are still given signs and the interpretations thereof.

Already have I learned—and I'm not yet as old as I may be, in case I am not the unfortunate member of our family who is to suffer the effects of the breaking of that nasty mirror—I was rather glad when it happened. I had loved it to hang by a rotten cord for some time hoping it would fall, because it always made me look as if I had a crooked face; but my ideas of economy would not allow me, with a clear conscience, to deliberately break it—that it is useless for me to ever dream of matrimony so long as I trip going up-stairs, and that if I use even so far forget myself as to sing before breakfast that I shall surely be under the crushing necessity of weeping before night comes. I know that whoever takes an umbrella or parasol within doors, will be visited with some sore disappointment, and that for one friend to withdraw a ring from the finger of another is to sever all loving bonds between them forever. I have been warned, with considerable vigor, against "trying on" mourning bouquets upon the theory that whoever does so will "surely and soon" be obliged to wear one. N. B. Young ladies who are well aware that black is becoming to their complexions, may find a "happy thought" suggested in the above.

One class of signs whereby most important communications are conveyed to people, every one should be able to interpret. I think they may be called "personal signs," and as I have been instructed in the orthodox revelations that they make, I will dutifully enlighten all ignorant mortals that to stub the right toe, while upon a journey, is a signal that a welcome awaits the traveler; but if your left toe should meet with a like accident, and you still continue on your way, it must be with the full consciousness that you are going where you are not wanted. Whoever is afflicted with itching of the feet, may feel confident that they are soon to tread upon strange ground; while the happy mortal who has itching palms, need never fear being penniless, since that malady is a positive evidence of coming money—and I presume, please do not let any one ever represent me as a malicious and willful misrepresenter of facts—the money always gets there. When the left ear itches, the miserable owner of it may contemplate the horror of having unpleasant things said about him; but if it be the right ear, he may be joyful in the consciousness that someone is speaking well of him; and, alas! for the fair maiden who feels a tingling sensation in connection with her nasal appendage, as she is blindly nearing one of three awful possibilities: "the inevitable," for her, takes the shape of a stranger whom she must meet, or a fool whom she must kiss, or some danger through which she must pass.

Careful housewives should always fly to cake-making and inspection of the "preserves," every sharp instrument falls upon the floor and sticks there, point downward; for such an unusual position is never adopted by pens, pins, needles, etc., save when they are instrumental in notifying the family of approaching visitors; nor does the rooster ever crow upon the front doorstep, save when his lordship is conscious that a guest will soon drive him thence; and dish-cloths, and knives and forks, are only seized with a propensity for dropping when new arrivals will soon be in the house; and a floating stem in the tea, or a big fly buzzing about the room, are sufficient indications of company's coming, when other signs are withheld.

To give a friend a sharp-edged or sharp-pointed article is an unfailing way of putting a penny into one's pocket, and a penny tendered in exchange can heal all little differences, and buy a continuance of the existence of kindly feelings. On the contrary, a dreamy of "paying" in a terrible row between the bucket and the sputter, and some one, and no amount of natural good temper, or Christian resolutions, can avert the unholly bursts of passion; but a pinch of salt immediately offered as a fiery sacrifice will make all things well. A journey, or a piece of work, commenced on Friday will end unhappily, while the new moon viewed over the left shoulder is an evil omen, the effects of which no wisdom or righteous deeds can lessen; but to glance at the new moon over the right shoulder, and make a wish while turning a bit of silver in the pocket, insures the fulfillment of the wish. Horse-shoes nailed over the doors of houses gain for the families within protection from all evil; but in case the dog should howl in the night the nearest neighbor, under the moon, may expect a speedy call from one of the owners of that dog, on business.

Dreams of black horses, or funerals, are sent to warn people that a wedding in the family is near at hand, or that some long-mourning friend is about to die; on the contrary, a dream of "a horse," or a wedding, is a notification that the family of that dreamer may as well commence making up black; and, while I think of it, just make a note of the fact that to dream of losing one's key is equally fatal. And, also, the blossoming of a leaf or a fruit tree in fall, betokens a death in the family.

There are numerous other signs, which, if their revelation is but interpreted aright, enable us to get quite harrowing conclusions concerning the future. But there is a limit to one's endurance, and, really, I'm quite overcome with the sublimity of this doctrine of belief in signs, and my speculations concerning the best kind of mirror to replace that one that had the good grace to break.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

A correspondent in Illinois writes: "I want to get up a club, for I am going to stop so much reading of my paper as there is every week. Nine different families read it, and some others that would like it if it did not get worn out before they could get it."

Fifty readers on one subscription! There is cheap reading for you! Our subscriber must be a charitable soul and much forgiving, to serve so many friends, but he will be fully justified now in politely suggesting that six cents per week cannot be better spent than in buying a JOURNAL for themselves.

RUMMAGING.

Who does not love to rummage, especially in an old attic of some house in the country? There is quite a fascination in rummaging away by yourself, of a dull day, and looking over things which have been put away for future reference, and some things which have had their day, but will be useful never more; yet are endeared by so many pleasant reminiscences and remembrances that we haven't the heart to destroy them.

We sit by the low window, against which the rain is pattering, while we rummage over a big pile of old almanacs, with their quaint spellings, coarse paper and wonderful predictions which never came to pass, except by accident. We wonder how we would like to have lived in those old times when the postman arrived but about the time we commence our modern balls and routs. Then the wretched attempts made at wood engraving that adorn each page, cause us to laugh, for we cannot tell whether men are scattering seed or throwing snow-balls. Yet, I verily believe, an almanac was as great a treat in days of "olden times" as is an exciting novel to a modern belle; as is much consulted as the family Bible. I can imagine the old farmer, with spectacles on nose, reading to the assembled family group these scattered lines: "About this time—look-out—for—rough—weather," and grandma, answering, "I thought we should have a spell of it

soon, for I've felt it in my bones for some days past."

Next we come across some old fashion-books, and we wonder if anybody ever did dress in such an outlandish manner, and how they could consent to make such gauds of themselves. We wonder if the boys didn't hoot at them as they walked through the village street, all the while forgetting that fashion was fashion as much in those days as it is at the present time, and we also forget that posterity will look on the fashion-plates of to-day—some fifty years hence—and ridicule our fashions as much as we ridicule those of fifty years ago.

What can be in this paper which sends forth such an agreeable aroma? Nothing but some of aunt Hester's dried "yarbs," so good in case of sickness, and "herbs" to stuff the Thanksgiving turkey or the Christmas goose. The rain still patters overhead, somewhat melancholy, I know, but the drops seem like footsteps of those who have passed many a Thanksgiving and Christmas beneath the roof of this old homestead. Have not the owners of those feet been in this old garret many a time and oft? Have they not rummaged as much as I am rummaging now, and has not this old attic rung with many and many a peal of laughter coming from the feet of the young and the old, merry hours—has told the time for meals, for school, for bed-time, for "meetin'" and Sunday-school; its hands are useless now; it is fast going to decay like many who have noted its old clock-work, and the shell is kept just as we carefully unlock the shell of some loved one in the casket.

Old clothes, old shoes, old stockings, old playthings are here to rummage over. Cannot you imagine that sometimes, in the quiet night, while you are sleeping, that shadowy forms come to this old chamber of past reminiscences and clothe themselves in the old garments they used to wear, set the old clock ticking once again, on the pages of some ancient book, and live days of their mortal life, with its hopes and fears, enjoyments and disappointments, loves and hates?

These attics always seem to me should be kept sacred to the memory of the days gone by; the articles they contain do not appear to be so old, and it looks like sacrilege for us to take them away. I grant you they are old, useless and shabby, but, from association, they are endeared to others, and many would not part with them for five times their weight in gold, and I do not blame them one bit.

The rain has ceased, and my rummage is over. My musings have made me feel better. They have taught me that it is better to love those whom I have left, than wish I had loved them better when I find them gone.

EVE LAWLESS.

"LOOK AT ME, MAMMA!"

OR,

The Child and the Christmas Tree.

(See Chromo Supplement.)

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN.

Christmas morning, very early, little Katie's shining eyes
Flew wide open, bright with wonder, expectation
and surprise.
Slyly peeping, shyly glancing round about the
dark room,
Partly peeping, partly fearing, through the dawn's
uncertain gloom,
To see Santa Claus advancing toward her as she lay
So she held the blanket ready to tuck under it her
head.

But only, at the window, saw the splendid
Morning Star,
And she only heard the chattering of a crowing near
and far.
"Oh, I wonder," softly sighed she, "if really, truly
in the night
Santa Claus comed down the chimney when my
eyes were shut tight,
Just as mamma told her Katie that he would if I
was good?"

The next moment on the carpet a small figure shivering
spread
In its night-dress, feet like lilies, curly hair about
its face,
Bright eyes, glowing larger, brighter, as they stared
about the place.

"He comes always to the parlor, though the grate's
so awful small.
It does puzzle me how ever he can get a tree so
tall
Out of such a little chimney; but I guess he brings
it into the house."

And it grows up, like Jack's bean-stalk, in a night
into a tree.
This grave matter settled, Katie, barefoot, slipped
down the stairs, and in the parlor, where the pictures
hung on the wall
Seemed to look like phantoms in the dim and
growing light.

And she trembled, half with cold, half with terror,
till delight
Warmed her to her very toes, for she saw the Christ-
mas Tree
Standing there in all its glory, just as full as it
could be.

Day was breaking and more clearly every moment
she made out
Golden balls and colored tapers on its branches
hung out
China tea-set, books of stories about fairy-land and
elf.

With a lovely, lovely dolly, half as big as Katie's
elf.
"These are all for me!" cried Katie. "Oh, you
precious Santa Claus!
Best kept dancer, bright eyes glancing, here and
there without a pause."

"Things for mamma, and for papa—but the most of
as I could be!
Now, what's this?" cried curious Katie; "I declare!
A splendid shawl!"

Must be mamma's; but I guess I'll try it on, if it
is small.
So she slipped the costly cashmere to the mirror,
and no belle
Dressed for opera had more graces than our tiny
demure!

With the shawl that served as mantle, then as tu-
nic, then as train,
As the eager fancy prompted of the busy little
maid.
At the last it served as hood for the graceful, curly
head.

With the fringe about the face like a gorgeous halo
spread
"I'm a lady, now," thought Katie; "I must let my
dolly see
How I've grown into a woman and am going to
take tea."

As she turned to show her dolly how she'd grown a
dolly tall
There stood mamma, smiling queerly at the fairy
in the shawl.
"Look at me, mamma!" cried Katie; "this was on
And I guess it's mine, dear mamma. I'm a lady!
Look at me!"

Mamma looked into the laughing, shining eyes of
her dear girl,
Stooped to kiss the rosy cheek and to smooth the
wayward curls;
In her secret heart she thought, "Never angel looked
more fair!"

Than her darling, playing lady, with the shawl about
her hair!
"Papa shall decide who wears it, Katie; let us light
the tree."

In a moment—Oh, the splendor, oh, the wondrous
wifery!
Of the tiny tapers burning, of the butterflies' gilt
wings,
Of the cornucopias hanging, and the hundred gilt
Silver darts that burst with bon-bons, dolly's dolly
at her feet.

Tiny tapers, tiny buns and a tiny work-box neat!
Papa shut the peeping daylight out and let the
tapers burn.
While Katie, like the fairies—who to any shape can
change
Changed again into a little girl, with bon bon box
and doll.

Kindly giving her dear mamma leave to wear the
dolly hair.
To OUR OLD READERS.—If we have done "a nice
thing" for our old readers and patrons, it is asking
too much to solicit their personal co-operation in
introducing the JOURNAL to such of their friends as
they think ought to have the paper? If each old
reader added but one new reader to the list it would
be, to us, a very pleasant Holiday Gift, for which
we will say "thank you!" most heartily.

Foolscap Papers.

Styles for the Winter of 1876-77.

STYLES FOR GIRLS.

For shoes, the girls this winter will wear nothing larger than femme-mine; the height of the heels will be regulated by the height of the girl. If the foot is pretty it will be nice to show the shoe.

Calico dresses will be worn long—without washing, say six months, and the figure of the dress should correspond with the figure of the girl, and the dress should always be made by hand. The mother's pockets large enough for twenty-five cents' worth of gum-drops at any time. All ball-dresses should be made according to the size of the bawl you have to make for them. Let your wardrobe be complete, even if your father says he is nearly broke to wear about it. If the times are tight you can save goods by cutting your clothes a little tighter. Basques will be made in the finest styles to please the eye of him who basks in the light of your smile. Pretty faces will be worn this winter when they are procurable. Cardinal red will be the prevailing color for the cheeks, and chewing-gum will be of the shade that best suits the complexion. Stockings should be made of the most exquisite material, and richly embroidered, and be elegantly kept out of sight; the sleeves of them should be full. The—the—well, the—the—shouldn't take more than one whole edition of the Tribune. One lover ought to last if the sleighing is good, for three months at least. Stick to your own suit, and don't be in much of a hurry to accept of a lover's suit unless there are lots of money in the pockets. If jewelry is given you, there should be no hesitation as to the particular style you may wear. Muffs should be large enough for a couple of cold hands on one side. It will be the fashion, on cold evenings in the parlor, to sit close to your lover, keep warm. Hats should correspond with your own suit, and an eighteen-year-old hat to an eighteen-year-old girl. As the thermometers go down you should allow the neck of your dresses to go up. Sore throats will always help you to tell the truth when you are invited to "favor us with a song." Gloves will be tight—when your lover has hold of your hand. The expenses of your costume should never make you think any the less of it. If there is any place about your dress where you can, tack, the buste, stick, sew, button, fix, put, paste, stitch, or hang anything ornamental on, it will be the fashion to do so this winter. You will look trim according to the way your clothes are trimmed, but the prettiest feature about a young lady's costume for this season will be the features of her face; still, whatever the custom is she should stick a little to form, though the world should consider it all stuff. Young ladies will be very precise in their carriage when on the street, and occasionally should the driver. The walks will be often slippery, and if she falls forward or backward she won't hurt herself. Her mother's apron-strings this winter will not be tied to her as an article of necessary ornament. A fine marriage-tie will be the most coveted. During this cold weather it will be the fashion for them to pity, with warm hearts, the poor—young lovers who have no one else to love. The most popular question of the season will be the pop question, and you can always refer them to your pop. Edgings will be all the rage at church and the opera—that is to say, edgings over toward each other. Most certainly, no young lady who has a beautiful face will hide it with a veil, if the wind is blowing icicles and snow-balls. A very excellent washing-day dress for this season will be—that is, I mean for your mother—will be made to suit herself, most assuredly. A good deal of excellent exercise in reading novels will be conducive to health.

STYLES FOR WOMEN.

This is destined to be the winter of a husband, as it is to be very cold, and it will take all to keep his wife warm, and he will have to husband his means for his wife. It will be so cold that she will need a new pair of earrings to keep her ears from freezing, and a new elegant chain to prevent the sore throat, and Etruscan bracelets to keep her wrists warm, and the only article of jewelry which he will be able to wear will be an icicle on the end of his nose, if he wishes to be extravagant. Vallencien and Honiton laces keep the cold out except—that is to say, keep your husband very warm in getting it. The best thing to have this winter is a fine cashmere shawl; so have it. The new race which has just been imported is calculated to make a woman transported. An excellent kitchen dress can be made out of one of your old Etruscan dresses without much trouble. If you mean it is for your hired girl, it will take money to furnish a complete winter's outfit, but if your husband has credit it will be just as good. If you are economical you can make a good dinner by putting flowers on your old calico, and ornamenting it with feathers to suit the taste. Grease spots on your dress will be removed by sewing an extra bow over them, or by getting a new dress. If your husband insists on your making over an old dress, you can tell him that you will be covered by a diamond patch this season. Any kind of dress goods that is better than your neighbors wear is quite good enough. The morning dress will be made with a smile. Your morning wrap (over your husband's head) will be made by yourself. Evening dresses will be made with gathers; that is, you can gather enough old material to make them. In dealing with your neighbors you will dispense with them. Your purchases will be made according to the size of your husband's purse—not by his contents. There is no telling what an amount of warmth and comfort there is in the latest style of gilt buttons just introduced. In washing dishes you—I mean your servant, will be selected to suit your complexion. Hats will be worn a good deal. Your husband will be worn, too, with despair. A diamond finger-ring is an excellent thing to keep the cold winter winds off. There is less goods in twenty yards of silk than in twenty yards of calico, so be economical and take the silk. An elegant cloak, and one really good enough for all common occasions, can be bought for eight hundred dollars. If your dress is full of holes, I'd like to know that difference it would make if you had a ten-hundred-dollar skirt under it. You can make a good scrubbing dress—for your servant—out of your last season's silk. In fact, women's apparel this winter will be without apparel.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN,
Emperor of the Emporium of Fashion.

MORAL COURAGE.—Have the courage to face a difficulty, lest it kick you harder than you bargained for. Difficulties, like thieves, often disappear at a glance. Have the courage to leave a convivial party at the proper hour for doing so, however great the sacrifice; and stay away from one upon the slightest grounds for objection, however great the temptation to go. Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much you may admire it. Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary that you should do so, and hold your tongue when it is better you should be silent. Have the courage to speak to a poor friend in a needy coat, even in the street, and when a rich one is nigh. The effort is less than many people take it to be, and the act is worthy of a king. Have the courage to admit that you have been in the wrong, and you will remove the fact in the mind of others, putting a desirable impression in the place of an unfavorable one. Have the courage to adhere to the first resolution when you cannot change it for a better, and to abandon it at the eleventh hour upon conviction.

Readers and Contributors.

Declined: "The Faded Leaf," "Was Bender, etc.," "Mary's Lamp," in "Pledge," English; "A Mistake," "The Old Man," "My Adventure," "The Last but not Least," "Mary's Ghostly Guardian," "A New Way Over the River," "Jack Rose's Old Enemy,"

Accepted: "After Many Days," "How He Reveals His Face," "Aunt Patty's Legacy," "Sweet Isabel," "Love Triumphant," "Letters de Ca-chet," "The Count's Daughter," "The Silver Mask," "The Crusader's Last Stroke," "The Black Gondola," "The Blind Baroness," "Iral Green's Ivory," "Who Rode the Black Horse?" "The Traitor's Page."

Judge J. B. Back numbers six cents each.—We know nothing of the person named.

Geo. W. C. Address Peck and Snyder, Base-Call Emporium, Nassau street, New York.

Box. We hope to be able soon to announce a new serial by the author named.

A. B. C. Write to Sabin & Sons, old book dealers, New York. They'll probably have the book.

F. S. D. Compositors do not like the "copy" of the type-writing machines.

A. J. P. Examining your Webster's Dictionary and see what Webster is. They are devoted to money.

DNAF LYM. We do not think the "feature" desirable enough to give it space and place.

Mrs. E. E. K. As a rule long poems are not desirable. Four-line verses may be regarded as an average length.

A. F. S. Poem is crude. Can you "hereafter" the taste, the sight, the hearing, the feeling? These are the senses. How good a rhyme is fades for matter. You must learn what poetry is not, as well as what it is, before you essay its composition.

E. S. Cigarashes are good for cleaning the teeth. Only do not use too much, or too often, as the alkali (potash) in them may injure the enamel. The habit of smoking is to be put down, as it is not one virtue, and has many disagreeable accompaniments. Drop it if you can.—It is not necessary to say anything in praise of your own work.

Inquirer, Battle Creek. Avoid hard cases. If your hair is red, or light-colored, your complexion and temperament would make a dark dye absurd. Only gray hair should be dyed—not the hair of young folks.—Your handwriting is rather formed. Practice as much as you can. Get a good set of copybooks. They are a great help.

Opp Boy, Cincinnati. What kind of person are you, that you do not make the most of your money? You must have old taste to prefer all sorts of paper to be serious! A paper to be acceptable to all must have something to be put in it. Many persons do not care for serials, and do care for them. You may do so, if you like. We seek to get the balance of the paper just right for the most readers, and give you a lady.

A YOUNG VOTER. The "Electoral College" is established by the Constitution to provide for the election of President and Vice-President by States. We cannot here explain in detail the modes of that election. See the Constitution for the other information. Each State has two Senators in Congress—the smallest and the largest alike. They are elected by the respective State Legislatures, while members of the House of Representatives (or the Lower House) are elected by the people, and are sent off into Congressional districts. This secures the States, and the people—all to a proper representation in the Executive and Legislative branches of the National Government. It is a very beautiful and wise distribution of power.

M. Loc. If the two young ladies act with their father's assent they will succeed. He probably will return their money, and give them a lump for their "setting out," when they decide to marry. Such girls usually win prosperous men.—Perhaps your uncle can assist you in a quiet way.—If your lady friend wants to receive card calls, and you do so, if her company is pleasant. Gentlemen enjoy having two or three ladies to receive them on New Year's day.

BROWN EYES SAYS: "I have received a letter of abuse from my cousin—with a cause. Under the circumstances, is it my place to ask his forgiveness for what I did; or should I write him the first asks mine?" If you were the first to give offense you should be the first to apologize; and we would advise you to make peace with him as soon as possible.

R. M. M., Baltimore, writes: "I am in love with two very pretty young ladies. One is an orphan, and immensely wealthy and accomplished, while the other is poor, and has to eke out a living, but is well educated and of a very confiding nature. She is also very delicate. I am a young man of good looks, and wish to settle down with either of the two. Both ladies are of most honorable character, and equally deserving any man's regard. What ought to be my course? Should I intend marrying as a purely philosophical and business matter, we would advise you to select as your wife the poorer young lady. From the honorable mention you make of her, she will, doubtless, be an excellent, loving and devoted wife; such a one as a man like you may well be glad to win; but if your heart is in any way connected with the detestable

MRS. AMANDA H. writes: "I live far from my large town, therefore I write to you for a little advice concerning a plan I have thought of with reference to a Christmas gift for my husband. Some years ago, when we moved here, he had a chair of wood and upholstery combined. For a long time it has been banished to the garret, because the rep was worn out and we were unable to get a upholsterer to have it repaired. I have been thinking that I might repair it myself, and surprise him with it in a handsome way. I want to know, however, how could I get my materials? I want nails, fancy heads, fringe, gimp, and something pretty—not too expensive. I have a brown or crimson fur-ture covering, with a gay design, and I want to cover it with it, and how much will they cost?" Measure the length and width of all those parts of the chair that are to be upholstered, and measure the amount of fringe and the amount of gimp required, and count the number of nails you will want; then send the measurements, and list with a description of color and kind of goods required, to the firm, such as A. T. Stewart's, Arnold and Constable's, Lord and Taylor's, Sloan's, etc., of New York, and they will fill your order, and send the package by express. Handsome upholstery, rep or velvet, sixty inches wide, comes at from two dollars to two dollars and fifty cents per yard. Elegant stripes may be purchased from one dollar to one dollar and fifty cents per yard. The goods must be cut and the stripes sewed in, to go down the center of the back and across the seat of the chair. Fringe costs about one dollar a yard, gimp twenty cents, and nails about ten cents a dozen. From four to six dollars will cover all expenses.

SHORTY, Plainfield, N. J., asks: "Is it right for a young lady to stand at the church door and ask a young lady for her company home, when he has not escorted her to church?—How should a young man ask to keep company with a young lady?—Should he ask her and her folks both, or only the lady?—Will signing a receipt with lead-pencil stand for 'No'?" Unless there are very extraordinary circumstances that may be offered in apology for the gentleman's absence. There is nothing more disgusting to well-to-do or devout persons than to see a crowd of young men leading about a church door after service. A lady should not accept as an escort home a gentleman who thinks too little of her society, or cares too little for morality, to be willing to escort her to church.—It is the proper thing to ask the permission of the young lady's parents or guardians that you may pay her attention, though this is too often overlooked in this country. In this case it is not necessary to make any special application to the young lady, herself, until you seek an engagement; as she will soon show you by her manners whether or no she cares to dispense with your attentions.—A lead-pencil signature is good in law.

Gus. Fns., Oakland, Ill., writes: "I was corresponding with a lady friend and after we had written awhile she got mad about something. I don't know what, and wrote me to send her letters back as a favor, and she would return the compliment. That was all right; but when I sent the letters it seemed to make her more angry. She would not speak to me, did not send back the letters, and told a friend of mine that she did not intend to do so, but lately she has been very pleasant, and speaks whenever we meet. What does she mean? If you can tell, please do so." We should say that the lady's actions are ill-advised of a woman's caprice. Evidently she liked you, and she was in a fit of anger requested her letters, thinking to make you feel badly and probably indulge in a little delicious coaxing. That you took her to heart, and opened to any friendly advances on your side, is a thing you still better. Now, she evidently wishes to retain your letters and your friendship, and is open to any friendly advances on your side.

SWEET ISABEL.

(A Ballad.)

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

Oh, Isabel, sweet Isabel,
For mercy's sake avert thine eyes;
For, while beneath their tender spell,
I dream I am in paradise.
But, when that blissful spell is o'er,
While from their light afar I dwell,
'Tis sad to feel I am no more
Near heaven and thee, sweet Isabel.
I pray thee speak not, lady fair,
Or speak not in such melting tones—
That voice with music charms the air
As sweet angel owns.
But, when those sounds so soft and clear
No more for me in absence swell,
I sigh more earthly tones to hear
From lips less rare, sweet Isabel.
In pity, lady, do not smile,
Or smile not with such tender light;
For I am very apt the while
To vision hopes too fondly bright—
To dream of bliss that ne'er can be—
Thy feelings own another's spell,
And vain—alas!—my sighs for thee—
Thou I'll never be mine, sweet Isabel.

Nobody's Boy; OR, THE STOLEN CHILD.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

CHAPTER I.

A GIRL OVERBOARD.

A broad, sunny stream flowing by in a long curve of broad waters; on one side the level bottom-lands running back, clad in spritlike beauty; on the other, a grove of green, a mile to the north the roofs and spires of a city, rising out of emerald verdure; such are the main features of the scene to which we desire to introduce the reader.

On the right of the grove a great boled oak rose from the river-bank, its exposed roots overhanging the waters.

In a nest of these huge roots sat a boy of some fifteen years of age, a ragged, dirty little Arab, but with a shrewd, fearless, independent look, and a sense of recklessness that flashed from his bright gray eyes.

He was small for his age, yet graceful, and with a strongly-knit frame, while his face might have been handsome but for its dirt and its present expression of discontent.

He was engaged in the occupation of fishing; a crooked branch, cut from a neighboring willow, serving to sustain his home-made line; while a cork, robbed from some porter-bottle, floated in the focus of his vision. Yet with this primitive tackle he had landed quite a string of fish on the bank behind him, among which curved, snake-like, the flexible body of a large eel.

"Blow them gals!" he grumbled, as a small stone struck the water near him, his eye all the while every second out of the Maumee; if they don't I'm a monkey. Ain't had a bite this ten minutes, and it's all on 'count of them blasted gals. What sich critters was ever got up for gits me. Jist to torment people, I believe."

The soliloquy of this youthful philosopher was cut short by a handful of pebbles that flashed in the water before him.

"Look here now, this is about played!" he cried, sticking his rod angrily among the roots, and springing to his feet.

As he reached the bank he saw a boy of half a dozen young girls, dressed in holiday attire, who ran laughing from the spot on seeing him, tossing their curls in gay defiance.

"You'd better git!" cried the young savage. "I ain't nobody's angel, to stand this sort of thing, you bet."

A chorus of laughter answered his angry words. Doubly enraged, he stooped with a quick motion, grasped the eel that lay among his fish, and flung it with a sure aim at the group of his tormentors.

Their time was changed as the slimy monster hurtled past them, and they ran shrieking to the grove, joining a picnic party that rested and dined under its shade.

"Guess I've settled their bacon," said the boy, his face full of cynical enjoyment of their fright. "I ain't got my eel as in. That's one thing about gals; they can't stand eel, and snake, and sich like."

Recovering his useful weapon, he coiled himself again in his nest of roots and resumed his fishing.

He had hardly grasped the rod ere the cork gave one or two slight jerks and then disappeared under the water.

In an instant he was on his feet, playing his line skillfully, and finally lifting it with a quick, steady motion from the water.

A large perch lay gasping upon the bank, impaled upon the hook. It was the work of a moment to add this accession to his string of fish, which he now placed in a pool of water to keep them fresh.

"Can't see what fun there is in fishing about that way," he said, glancing at the pleasure party in the grove. "All gals, too, and gals is wuss than pison. Never saw one of 'em that wasn't afeared of a garter-snake; and they ain't got brains enough to play ball or set snares for rabbit. If I'd been born a gal I'd a' drowned myself, ten years ago."

The youthful woman-hater resumed his fishing, landing the scaly tenants of the river at a rate that would have shamed many a well-appointed fisher, though armed with patented rod and line.

"Seems to me I've settled for them nuisances," he said, as a half-hour passed without interruption. "But I've a notion I hear a steamer comin' down-stream. Yes, there's its smoke now," pointing to a fleecy line to the south. "More bother, I s'pose."

In ten minutes more a musical chorus of laughter and merry voices called his attention to the other direction. He perceived four of the girls in a light, canoe-shaped boat, which they were awkwardly paddling, marking every stroke with their merriment.

"Well, I'll be 'farnally swindled!" he cried, casting down his rod in vexation. "It's a put-up job on me, that's what it is. And when I catch 'em, I'll make 'em pay for it. That ain't all. There comes the steamer. It's a chance if it don't rock some of them gals overboard; and I'll be spotted to jump in and fish them out, there's its smoke now," pointing to a fleecy line to the south. "More bother, I s'pose."

His lips closed with an expression of invincible determination as he uttered these words. The boat was now nearly opposite him. One of the girls, a bright-faced, golden-haired little witch, had risen in the bow and was rocking the boat with the laughter and affected fright of her companions.

They were so occupied that they failed to perceive the steamer, bearing down almost directly upon them—the channel here running close to shore.

Nor had the officers of the boat perceived the light craft in their path. The thoughtless children were in imminent danger.

The fisher-boy rose to his feet and sprang to the bank of the stream, with an impulse in contradiction to the cry of his companions.

"Aho! there! you thunders-coal-eaters!" he cried in shrill tones. "Do you want to run down the gals? Wake up, blow you, and don't be carrying your eyes in your pockets."

The pilot of the boat caught his words and saw the boat at the same instant, his eyes following the direction of the boy's hand.

A quick shift of the helm and the steamer's head sheered outward. The girls had now become aware of their danger, and were crouched in the bottom of the boat, with low cries of terror.

The little fairy who had been rocking the boat, however, still stood upright, gazing with parted lips and disordered eyes at the approaching peril, either too frightened or too daring to stop.

The next minute the towering steamerboat shot swiftly past, not five yards to the left, careening as her passengers rushed to the side to gaze upon the imperiled boat.

There had not been time to stop the engines, and the frail canoe drifted into the edge of the vortex caused by the rapidly-revolving wheels.

Cries of men and screams of women rose from the steamer's deck, as the child in the bow of the boat was hurled headlong into the water, disappearing beneath the billows red by the wheel.

The boat, with its remaining tenants, glided onward, safely riding the waves. The late merry children were crouched in its bottom, paralyzed by fright.

The engines of the steamer were stopped and reversed as quickly as possible, but she had advanced more than a hundred feet before she could be brought to rest.

Meanwhile the child had risen to the surface, her wide open eyes full of a fearful sense of her danger, and making vague and ill-directed efforts to keep herself from sinking.

A feeling akin to reverent triumph had risen in the boy's mind on noticing this disaster to his tormentors. He had been trained in strict Arab discipline, "his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him," and had grown to be a bitter cynic in disposition, impatient and selfish.

Yet, beneath this crust of cynicism lay nobler feelings and a more manly nature.

"Serves 'em right," was his first grumbling utterance.

"S'pose I'll have to go for her," was his next remark, uttered as if her falling overboard was but one of a series of attacks on his personal comfort.

"Didn't calkulate I was goin' to fishin'." Bet some catty runs away with my line."

His actions were more decided than his words gave warrant for. Guiltless of coat or shoes, he flung off his excuse for a hat, and plunged headlong into the stream, swimming toward the struggling girl with as much ease as if this was his native element.

The eyes of all within view were fixed eagerly upon his movements, their breaths suspended as they noticed his rapid advance.

"Keep it up, gal," he called out as he approached. "Keep your flippers working. I'll have you in the twink of a cat's eye."

Still struggling, the head failed to have its effect. Still struggling, first the head and then the hands of the child sunk out of sight.

With a rapid movement of his lithe body the boy too disappeared beneath the water, his waves closing over the throbbing human lives beneath them.

Ten, twenty, thirty seconds, that seemed as many minutes, passed; then a shout arose from the steamer as the head of the girl rose above the waters, followed by that of the boy, who bore her up-right in his clasping arms.

The steamer had reversed its motion and was now close above them, its wheels again at rest.

"Hold her firm there!" cried the captain, from above. "We will have a boat down in a minute."

"You needn't bother yourself," said the boy, defiantly. "You're wide awake enough now when there ain't no use. I can swim a mile with this feather on my back."

He had placed the child on his back as he spoke, twining her arms round his neck, and started to swim ashore, heedless of the fact that a boat was being lowered.

"Hold hard there, my lad!" cried the captain. "You are a brave boy, but that's no reason you should act as if we were your enemies."

"You ain't no friends of mine, nor the gal's either," flung back the boy, as he swam steadily onward.

"Bring them back," said the captain, sternly. "The girl must be half-drowned, and what can this little idiot do in bringing her to?"

This command was literally obeyed. The men in the boat lifted the boy and his charge, despite his struggles, and landed them safely ashore.

He crouched sullenly down in the boat, and remained silent and morose, while the rowers proceeded to pick up the occupants of the canoe.

They then returned to the steamer, the boy gaining its deck with the agility of a young athlete, while the children were handed up with the utmost care.

He was instantly surrounded by a throng of the passengers, who manifested a disposition to lionize him, though he responded in sullen monosyllables to all their questions.

Meanwhile the rescued child had been borne to the ladies' cabin, and efforts were being made to restore her suspended animation, which seemed likely to be successful.

The captain now approached the boy.

"What is your name, my lad?" he asked.

"Pete," was the boy's sullen answer.

"What else?"

"Pica-yune Pete the boys call me. 'Cause I'm little and yous." Live in Toledo."

"But what is your last name? Where do your parents live?"

"Don't believe I ever had a last name. Never saw any my parents."

"Well, I'll declare!" ejaculated the captain. "This is an odd case. You live somewhere; with some family?"

"I calkulate it's something of that kind," said the boy, insolently. "Don't think it's much of anybody's affairs. I know one thing; it's hard if I ever can't but fish without gals dippin' under and all that."

"Do you think the child nearly drowned herself on purpose to annoy you?"

"I calkulate it's something of that kind," said the boy. "Never found gals anything but nuisances."

"You have acted nobly," said the captain, "in spite of your sourness. We will have to do something for you."

Pete had been looking round with an uneasy, restless gaze. He seemed anxious about something.

Just then a voice near by said:

"The child is all right. She is coming to rapidly."

Something like a smile of pleasure marked the boy's face. It was quickly replaced by a sour look, as he was asked of any.

"Didn't ask nobody to do nothing for me," he replied to the captain's remark. "Pica-yune Pete ain't bad at dotin' for himself. Don't keer about people fussing and slobbering over me, and all that. Got a bunch of catfish and perch ashore there, and calkulate I'll go for 'em."

Suited the action to the word, he leaped overboard, with a quick bound, from the steamer's deck, and struck out lustily for the shore.

The people on the steamer looked after him with various emotions, some laughing, some pitying him as a veritable young savage.

The picnic party had taken the alarm, and were hurrying down to his landing place, eager for information.

But Pete was in no mood for talking or receiving congratulations. Shaking himself, like a water-dog, he seized his fish, and darted rapidly off across the fields, like a wild beast flying from a circle of foes.

CHAPTER II.

SCHOOL LIFE.

There was commotion in Madame Lucon's Select School for Young Ladies, at Toledo, a disaster had happened to the annual picnic party, which had always before passed off so creditably.

Some of the under teachers had for the moment relaxed that necessary vigilance where young ladies are in question, and in consequence several of the young ladies had ventured on the river in a boat, and one of them narrowly escaped drowning.

Madame was very indignant at all the participants in this affair. The teachers were made to severely feel their delinquency. The pupils were condemned to listen to a long homily on the virtues of discipline. The three unharmed participants in the boating escapade were made to do penance for the sins of the unfortunate heroine of the drowning adventure met with little mercy from the stinging indignation of Madame Lucon.

The child had entirely recovered on the boat, and with dried clothes and uninjured health accompa-

nied her companions, together with the captain of the steamer, back to the school.

The latter person broke the news to Madame, congratulating her on the escape of her pupils from danger.

"We have been doubly gratified," was her austere reply, "if they had obeyed my instructions, and not gone into danger."

"But true, ma'am," said the gallant captain. "Very true, they didn't, we ought to be glad anyhow, that we didn't have any funerals on our hands."

"I see no occasion to mention such unpleasant circumstances, sir," she replied. "The pupils under my charge are taught to deport themselves in all things as becomes young ladies. We cannot excuse them."

"That's all right, ma'am," said the captain. "I suppose you'll put her on bread and water for a week for getting half-drowned. If she'd been whole and well, she'd have been a good deal better off."

"I must go home to see if my young ladies are out of order."

"Have you young lady daughters?" asked Madame, interested.

"No, I don't have any," said the captain. "How old are they?"

"One, six months; the other, two years," answered the captain, dryly.

"You spoke of young ladies, sir."

"Well, ma'am, I've as good right to call my babies young ladies as you have. Give you good-day," and the captain walked out, grinning as if he fancied he had annihilated the Madame.

The dignified lady principal felt her dignity sadly diminished by the curtness of the old water-dog. There was long barometer and squally weather in school for the next few days.

The weight of Madame Lucon's indignation fell on all alike, neither pupil nor teacher escaping.

The rescued child, Minnie Ellis by name, had been put instantly to bed, for fear of some peril to her health.

She appeared in the hall the next morning, looking so provokingly well, that Madame seemed to see in it intentional disrespect to herself.

"I had intended to forbear speaking to you, Miss Ellis," she said, "concerning the unpleasant occurrence of yesterday, until you had recovered from the effects of your imprudence. I am gratified to perceive that it was not as serious as it might have been."

"I am very well, I assure you, Madame Lucon," said Minnie.

Her impulsive nature was apt to make her speak at the wrong time.

"Then, Miss, you will please listen attentively to me for a few minutes," said the austere principal.

"Are you not aware of the imperative necessity of the young ladies in my school obeying the disciplinary rules?"

"Yes, Madame," said Minnie, meekly.

"Yet, great as that fault is, it is venial compared with your acting in a manner unbecoming a young lady. Did you for a moment consider what a responsible duty is imposed on me by the absence of your parent? For you to act in the boyish manner of girls who are debauched from the superior advantage of their position, is a disgrace to the school."

"I would not have dreamed of it possible in any young ladies under my charge."

"I am not satisfied with your answer," said Madame, with a stern look.

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Minnie Ellis lived in the city, being only a day's scholar at Madame Lucon's Select School.

This gave her an opportunity of finding and thanking her rescuer which she would not otherwise have had—the boarders at the Young Ladies' Seminary having "very much" to say about it.

Yet she seemed destined to be unsuccessful in her search. For more than a week she had persevered without success.

She found it, it is true, some persons who knew Pica-yune Pete. But the reports of these persons were very discouraging in character.

"They were all boys, as Minnie fancied that boys would be the best guide to the boy of her search."

"Pica-yune Pete," said one, a half-grown lad who lived near her. "Know him? I guess I do. He would be the best guide to the boy of her search."

"Do you know where he lives?" asked Minnie, in a quick breath.

"I guess he lives out of doors, all around. I know him because he comes around every once in a while and wins our marbles, and beats us at ball, and licks every boy that makes a fuss about it."

She next applied to a boy more in Pete's own station.

"Do I know Pica-yune Pete?" was the surprised rejoinder. "I rather think so. Pete's a horse, he is. He can ride better than a jockey, and dive deeper than a muskrat, and he can run and shoot, and all that, like fun. And he's good at all kinds of tricks; and can walk on his hands and turn somersets like blazes. He's some, Pete is, if he is stunted."

"Can you tell me where he lives?"

"He don't live nowhere, I reckon. Anyhow, he lets on he don't. I never asked him but once, and then he blacked my eye for it. Oh, I tell you Pete's a slatherer."

"Will you tell me where I can find him, or can you find him for me? He saved my life, and I want to thank him."

"What! are you the gal Pete swum ashore with?"

"Yes. He saved me from drowning."

"Now, that's a go. Dunno where he is, though. So there's no use talking."

Her efforts in other quarters proved equally unsuccessful. Plenty of the boys knew Pete, but none knew just where to place that erratic individual.

All had discouraging stories to tell of his pugnacity and other evil habits. He had a way of cuffing and kicking the boys indiscriminately. He was a young rascal, a vagabond, a savage, and twenty other bad names.

Yet Minnie observed that in nearly every case the boys had given Pete the first provocation, and none accused him of stealing, or any other low vice.

Her desire to find him was only augmented by these reports, the missionary spirit being roused in her. She hoped and prayed to herself that she might be able to persuade the boy from his bad habits.

Meanwhile Pete was about town everywhere, in the course of every day. He did spend more time in the neighborhood of Madame Lucon's Select School than he had ever done before. Why, he did not explain to anybody, not even to himself. Here Minnie never dreamed of looking for him.

THE COQUETTE.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

I come from haunts where fashion grows,
I make my maiden sally,
I sparkle in among the beaux
Who all around me rally.
To every rout I hurry down,
For only there my heart is
To every kettle-drum in town
And half a hundred parties.
I fly to each reception, too,
And sail on fashion's river,
For men may come and men may sue,
But I go on forever.
I chatter over silly things,
As airy as a feather,
I slide and shift my finger-rings,
I babble of the weather;
With word or frown the heart I fret
Of many a simple fellow,
And all for sport I spread my net
For young men soft and mellow.
In chatter, chatter my words flow
On fashion's whirling river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.
I sing, I laugh, I sigh, I scold
Among the glittering mazes,
And many eyes I draw and hold
With many moods and phases.
I yawn, I simper, fan and smirk,
Just as my fancy pleases,
With here and there a silvery creak
And here a golden cresset.
I draw them all along—the beau
Who's cold, the beau who's clever,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.
I laugh to scorn, or thrill with glee
The crowd that round me hovers,
The maids would love to rivals be—
The men be happy lovers.
I scoff, I praise, I gloom, I glance
Upon those hapless fellows,
And through the dance I gayly prance
With light foot like the swallows.
Men murmur how they do adore,
And crave the smile that blesses;
I dash their hopes into the floor
With one toss of my tresses.
Thus I beguile the flattering crew;
Then cause their hearts to shiver,
For men may plead and men may sue,
But I'll not wed forever!

Great Captains.

THE IRON DUKE,
The Conqueror of Napoleon.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

ARTHUR WELLESLEY, "the Iron Duke," the "Hero of a Hundred Battles," ranks in history as one of the most illustrious captains of ancient or modern times.

Great as are the names of his soldiers, won on battle-fields that gave to England her prestige and glory, above them all, in the esteem of all classes, stands that of Wellington.

And justly so, for the record he made through a life of field service that witnessed his steady progress from an ensign to commander-in-chief, was scarcely marred by a defeat, while the crowning act of overcoming Napoleon, at Waterloo, by the exercise of all the qualities that make soldiers great, gave to English arms and English prowess a glory that time will never dim.

In his career we read again the lesson that has had so many exemplifications in eminent men's lives—namely, that devotion to duty and patience in the pursuit of an object are sure to effect great results; and it is well for American youth, so impatient of restraint and eager to obtain quick advancement, to take to heart the moral which Wellington's career presents.

Arthur Wesley was third son of the Earl of Mornington, of the county of Meath, Ireland. He was born at Dangan Castle in 1769, was educated at Eton college, but before he was eighteen he was in the army as ensign, soon to be advanced to a lieutenancy and finally to a captaincy, in 1791. Two years later he was made major, but had as yet seen no actual service.

After a session in the Irish Parliament, and acting as aide to the Lord Lieutenant, he went upon his first active service, to the Netherlands, as lieutenant-colonel of the 33d regiment—afterward to become so noted under his command. He was made colonel of this regiment in 1797, when he assumed the name of Wellesley, in deference to the wishes of his elder brother, the Marquis Wellesley (Richard Colley Wellesley). The regiment was then ordered to India, and there Arthur's career may be said to have commenced. In 1798 his brother, the marquis, arrived in India as Governor-General. It was a most critical time for the British supremacy in the East. Napoleon, then in Egypt, was in communication with Tipu Sah, Sultan of Mysore, with the design of expelling the English from India. The French intrigues made it necessary for Wellesley to act promptly. He accordingly landed in Mysore, accompanied by a strong native contingent—of which Colonel Arthur Wellesley had command. A brilliant and decisive battle at Malavelly followed, Tipu being defeated. Then the great British General and Governor was besieged and taken by storm—the Sultan being among the slain.

In this, his first campaign, the colonel proved his good qualities. The fighting was keen, and the generalship on both sides admirable. Sir Arthur was made Major-General and governor of the captured city and province (1799), and as such added measurably to his reputation in council-chamber and field.

In 1803 the great battle of Assaye was fought. With only eight thousand men Wellesley met, and, after a fierce combat, defeated the Indian army of thirty thousand under Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar, taking ninety pieces of fine artillery. This was rapidly succeeded by the siege and capture of several of the Indian strongly-fortified towns, and the campaign called the "Madras War" was ended by treaties with the Rajah and Scindiah that reduced them to the tributary of Great Britain.

He was voted a sword valued at a thousand pounds by the British citizens in Calcutta—received addresses, ovations and a most elegant service of plate, at Bombay, and held brilliant receptions at Madras and Seringapatam. Parliament voted him thanks, etc., etc. The war ended, he resigned his honorable offices and returned to England in 1805—to enter upon that opposition to Napoleon and revolutionary France which was to end in the great usurper's overthrow.

Sir Arthur now served in Parliament, married, was chief secretary of Ireland, etc., etc., but went in the expedition against Copenhagen (1807)—where he routed the Danes. In 1808 he was made lieutenant-general, and given command of the army to drive the French out of Spain and Portugal, but, in the very midst of a campaign against Junot he outranked Sir Harry Burrard, and a terrible illness was made of the whole affair. Instead of Junot being destroyed an "arrangement" was made, whereby he and all his army were actually sent, in English transports, to a French port!

This ultimately resulted in giving Sir Arthur supreme command in Portugal. Marshal Soult was then in Oporto. Thither Wellesley marched, threw his forces suddenly over the swift Douro and obtained a prime position in the face of Soult's guns. Soult fled, to avoid the combinations against him. Then Wellesley turned against Marshal Victor, coming in from Spain to help Soult; but Victor retired. Wellesley then marched to a junction with the Spanish forces, gathered to drive the French from Spain. The junction was made, and the battle of Talavera fought, almost wholly by the English, as the Spaniards would not act under an Englishman's

orders, even though he came to save them. So Wellesley, with twenty-two thousand English and Portuguese, found himself face to face with fifty thousand French—all veterans, under Joseph Buonaparte and Marshals Victor and Jourdain. The conflict was one of skill and tenacious courage. The French were defeated—wholly through Wellesley's superb mastery. These brilliant successes and admirable generalship awakened enthusiasm at home. The successful captain was created Baron Douro of Wellesley, and Viscount Wellington of Talavera. Additional troops were sent him, and the eyes of Europe were directed toward his movements.

These defeats constrained Napoleon to concentrate his corps against a general whose true character he now began to understand. These combined forces came in upon Wellesley—now Wellington—who, finding his Spanish allies of small value, retired into Portugal. There, admirably sustained by the intelligent and brave Portuguese, he threw up, with amazing rapidity, a double line of entrenched positions along the Torres Vedras, to protect Lisbon—the outer line twenty-nine miles long, and the inner twenty-four miles—a stupendous task. There, Marshal Massena, after important successes, came down upon these works with seventy thousand men under Ney, Junot and Regnier, but was so roughly received that he had to make a sullen retreat. Wellington at once became the assailant.

The recovery of Spain was now his purpose—a gigantic undertaking, seeing that four full army corps were available against his meager divisions. He laid siege to Almeida and Badajoz. Massena, retreating, could not stand a severe struggle at Almeida was thus forced to retreat. Then Massena was recalled; Napoleon could not afford such ill-success. Marshal Marmont, with Soult's help, was ordered to drive Wellington from Spain, and if possible to destroy his army utterly.

These movements once more put the English general on the defensive. He retired from before Badajoz to a strong position within the Portuguese frontier. The French now had to separate. The country could not sustain such an army, and supplies could not be had; so, as soon as they had retired from their advance, Wellington pushed into Spain again. By the middle of September, 1811, his operations against Ciudad Rodrigo were so menacing that Marmont hastened there with sixty thousand men, and Wellington slipped away over the tall mountains now awaited reinforcements to push his antagonist back upon Lisbon; but Wellington's activity cut those reinforcements to pieces, and with quick audacity he rumbled down upon Ciudad Rodrigo again. He invested the city, and on the 19th (1812) carried it by storm—four days before Marmont could come up from Salamanca, whither he had been compelled to retreat.

Giving Rodrigo into Spanish keeping, he suddenly enveloped before Badajoz (March 16th) and in twenty days had possession of that great fortress, after two bloody repulses (April 6th, 1812). These two magnificent successes were won at heavy loss of life, but effected the purpose of forcing the French back upon their main positions.

Then ensued a movement on Salamanca—Marmont's headquarters—and the two armies were face to face before the famous old city. The generals maneuvered incessantly. Wellington was wily, because much weaker than Marmont. To pass between Wellington and Ciudad Rodrigo, the French moved around the English right. News of this movement was brought to Wellington when he was at dinner. He sprang to his feet so suddenly that he fell from his seat. "Marmont's good genius has forsaken him!" exclaimed the general, and, mounting his horse, he ordered the whole strength of his army to be thrown upon the now weakened point. He literally doubled up their right on their left. The French were defeated and scattered. He knew it, and only night saved Marmont's whole army from destruction or capture. (July 21st, 1812).

This tremendous reverse was followed by pursuit. The French abandoned Valladolid, whereupon Wellington suddenly re-crossed the Douro and made a rush on Madrid. It was soon in his hands! An attempt was made on Burgos Castle—an old but powerful work, which held out until Soult and Clausel could push to its relief, when the English retired, and Clausel, finding himself too weak to hold Madrid, fell back upon Ciudad Rodrigo. That ended the very remarkable campaign of 1812, in the Peninsula.

Wellington was the hero of the day, at home. The Prince Regent made him a marquis; Parliament unanimously voted him one of the hundred thousand pounds, with which to purchase an estate worthy of his peerage. In Portugal he already had been made Count of Vimeira and Marquis of Torres Vedras, while the Prince of Brazil made him Duke of Vittoria. Honors enough, certainly, for one person to wear; but they did not, for a moment, turn Wellington from his path of duty. His work was but half done.

In May, 1813, he was again after the French. Joseph Buonaparte and Marshal Jourdain had seventy thousand men at Valladolid, the English general, now with eighty thousand men, forced them from the Douro lines of defenses, by turning them; they retreated, much confused by Wellington's numerous and surprising movements. Burgos Castle was again abandoned, expecting to retire to impregnable positions over the river Ebro, but Wellington was there already!

Thus baffled, the French had to run or fight. Resolved to fight, they went into position near Vittoria. A brilliant battle ensued. Napoleon skillfully managed that the French were beaten at every point. Then Vittoria was defended, with desperate tenacity, but to stay there was to lose all; so Joseph and his marshal retreated by the only open route to the French frontier, to be closely pursued by their relentless antagonist.

Old Soult, with Napoleon in his awful straits in Germany, was sent to Spain to try and stay the British advances, which now gazed Field Marshal, July 31st. This time he had no more ardor in the pursuit, but gave the French a double assurance that the English meant hot work; and hot work Soult found it.

The French, again defeated, (July 28th), retired into France. Aug. 2d Wellington occupied the passes in the Pyrenees, after some very sharp fighting. San Sebastian was taken Aug. 31st, and severe contests occurred at two other points. The castle of San Sebastian capitulated Sept. 8th. The storming of that fortress was one of appalling heroism and sacrifice. Napoleon's picture of the struggle is one of the finest of all his brilliant record of those splendid campaigns of the Iron Duke.

Wellington entered France Oct. 7th, and Pamplona Oct. 15th. On Nov. 10th the whole allied army passed the Nivelle, after a sanguinary combat. The Nive was crossed Dec. 7th. Dec. 10th and 13th Soult attacked, but was defeated. Wellington pressed on—passed the Adour and fought the battle of Orthez, Dec. 27th.

After which came the restoration—the virtual dethronement of Napoleon, and the institution of the Bourbons. But, Old Soult did not give up—so the terrible battle of Toulouse was fought April 10th, 1814, and the most devoted of Napoleon's generals was defeated. And that ended the struggle. Wellington had fought his way through from Lisbon to the Garonne, and the disasters he forced upon the French arms, added to Napoleon's enforced retreat from Moscow, ended the emperor's reign, and sent him an exile to Elba.

Wellington's return to England, after his five years' absence, was an event whose incidents it is quite impossible to here narrate. Such marks of respect paid and such enthusiasm of all classes never before were bestowed upon any Englishman. He was advanced to the peerage as Marquis of Douro and Duke of Wellington, and in June Parliament voted him a grant of four hundred thousand pounds, in addition to his previous grants! What princely recognition of an acceptable resource!

He went as ambassador to Paris, and to Vienna as Plenipotentiary to the Congress of the Allied Powers, to reorganize for the peace of Europe. While that Congress was in session news came of Napoleon's sudden reappearance in France—of the old army flocking to his standard—of the flight of the king to Ghent, etc. The Congress at once passed a declaration of outlawry against Napoleon, and elected Wellington Commander-in-chief of the Allied army. In April (1815) the Duke was in Brussels, organizing for the impending conflict. Napoleon, confident of a victory that would crush his most dangerous antagonist, let him gather his army unopposed. A vast army of forty thousand English and Hanoverians and thirty-six thousand German and Belgians. An additional army of eighty thousand Prussians was gathered at Namur under old Blucher. Napoleon had about one hundred and twenty thousand—mostly veterans.

Blucher began his move to join Wellington, when Napoleon confronted him, June 16th, at Ligny, and broke his lines, but the "old Dutchman" retreated in good order to Wavre. On the same day Ney attacked Wellington at Quatre Bras, but failed to carry his position. Then Wellington, hearing of Blucher's retreat, gazed backward to a position facing the village of Waterloo.

Leaving a corps to watch Blucher, Napoleon turned his personal attention upon Wellington, an impetuous attack, about noon of June 18th. This time the English stood firm, withstood, and the central position of Wellington, at Hougomont, was held firmly. The French fire of artillery was of terrible severity, and by their solid column assaults they confidently expected to overwhelm the English ranks. Once those compact squares were broken, the French cavalry, and the famous Old Guard in reserve, would make the break a rout and a victory.

But the English and Germans were a very different kind of army; they never wavered. The Hanoverians lost their position about seven o'clock, just as Blucher's guns were heard in the distance. Napoleon must strike then his heaviest blow or all was lost. Calling up the Old Guard, he sent it in to the Wellington's right center. The charge was magnificently made, but, like every other charge, was unable to break the living wall.

The Guard became confused and demoralized by the dreadful carnage. This was Wellington's opportunity. He advanced his whole line, in solid columns, sweeping everything before him. Napoleon's line was struck, broken, and the day was lost to the "Man of Destiny"—his star had gone down forever. Blucher, who had sent it in to the Wellington's right center, at this moment, was given the pursuit, the day ended in the quick disbandment of the whole French army.

Wellington's second return was one grand ovation. King and Parliament could bestow no more honors on him. Parliament, however, gave two hundred thousand pounds more for purchasing another estate. To Wellington's public career as statesman and member of the various ministries we need not here advert. He was honestly itself—a cool, clear-headed, right-minded man, and ever maintained an influence in the cabinet that may well be characterized as supreme. He, however, was very careful in using that influence.

He died in 1852, and was buried in St. Paul's cathedral, near the remains of the illustrious Admiral, Horatio Nelson, who added such glory to the name of England. He was buried in the same tomb with the two great captains together, with a cathedral for their tomb.

How She Came to Have Him.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"So you won't have me, Nellie? You are sure you won't marry me?"

Pretty little Mrs. Nellie Willard looked meditatively out of the window into the quiet village street, as if among the leafless trees and on the frost-bound landscape she should find the answer to Horace Levison's question.

Then, after a moment, she turned her face toward him, and said in a low, sweet voice, "You are sure you won't marry me?"

"I—I am afraid I can't, Mr. Levison," Mr. Levison looked her straight in her bright blue eyes—those lovely blue eyes, soft as velvet, and the color of a violet that has bloomed in the shade.

"You are afraid—you can't, Mrs. Willard? Answer me another question—yes or no—do you love me?"

"She blushed and smiled, and looked bewitchingly at him."

"Why, Mr. Levison, I mean Harry, of course I do—like you! I always did, ever since I first knew you, years and years ago."

"Then Willard won't give me the prize all we fellows were striving for?"

"Nellie, and you like me now? Then why won't you marry me? You've been a widow for three years now. Isn't that long enough to mourn the virtues of the departed?"

"You asked me! As if three hundred years could ever teach me to forget poor dear Wilson."

Her bright eyes reproved him sharply, and he accepted with good grace.

Granting the truth, Nellie, that a young husband and fellow as good as a young partner, I still cannot see why you refuse me. That is the subject under consideration at present, Nellie! Why won't you marry me?"

Then Mrs. Willard's face grew a little paler, and her plump, fair hands trembled.

"Because Harry, because Wilson Willard made me promise never to marry again."

"Stuff and nonsense! What if he did? A bad promise is better broken than kept."

Mrs. Willard twisted her ring uneasily, and looked at the illuminated field of the stone.

"But, Harry, she said, slowly, "but"—

Mr. Levison looked earnestly at her.

"Yes—but what, Nellie? In all respect I say it—poor Will is dead and gone, and you've been true to his memory all these long years, and what has he to do with your marrying me?"

"I know," she said again, meditatively, "but—but, Harry, he made me solemnly promise never to marry again under penalty of his everlasting displeasure. And—don't be angry with me, Harry, will you? But I almost know he would appear to me."

The lovely blue eyes were lifted in such piteous appeal to his, and the pretty little widow made such a nervous little nestling nearer to him, that it was the most human thing in the world for Mr. Levison to put his arm protectingly around her and assure her he was not angry with her.

"So you believe he would haunt you, Nellie, if you broke your promise? A sensible little woman like you to veritably believe in such superstitious fol-de-rol! And after having waited for you ten years of your married life, and three years of your widowhood, you condemn me to hopelessness for the sake of such a chimera—for the sake of such a shadow as your husband's ghost!"

Nellie looked imploringly at him again, and her lips quivered, and the tears stood in great crystals on her long lashes.

"Oh, Harry, how cruel you are! You know I love you better than all the world, only—I dare not marry again! Don't be angry—plead my being a widow!"

And Mr. Levison looked down at her lovely face, and assured her he never could be angry with her, and then went away, heaping silent maledictions on the head of the defunct husband who had been tyrant enough to burden his lovely young wife with such a promise.

The last sunset rays were flinging their golden and scarlet pennons on the pale, blue-gray sky when Mr. Levison opened the door of his cozy sitting-room, at home, to be met by the laughing face and gay welcome of a young gentleman who had evidently been making himself at home while he waited.

"Heigho, Levison! Surprised to see me? How are you, old fellow—how are you?"

Mr. Levison stared a second, then greeted him warmly.

"Fred Willard! Where, in the name of goodness, did you spring from? Why, I thought you were not to sail from England for a good six months yet. Old boy, bless you, I'm glad to see you, although, for the instant, I confess I was started—you are the living image of your brother Wilson. We've been discussing ghosts, you know—"

Young Willard's eyes gleamed mischievously, as he interrupted irreverently.

"We're good, I say. You mean my pretty little sister-in-law, of course? I know she is re-entirely believes in 'em. I know I am impatient to see her—for the first time since Will's funeral."

Mr. Levison had been looking thoughtfully at the embers glowing, like melted rubies, behind the silver bars of the grate; now he turned suddenly to Fred, and laid his hand persuasively on his shoulder.

"See here, Fred; you are a friend of mine, and I am about to put your friendship to the test. I want you to do me a very great favor, will you?"

"Friedrich?"

"Will it? Of course I will. What's up?"

And Mr. Levison turned the keys of the doors, and the consultation lasted until the house-keeper rung the dinner-bell.

Five hours later the moon was just creeping over the tops of the trees, making a perfect flood of silver-gold glory on the quiet scene, and Mrs. Willard, with a fleecy white zephyr shawl and her crepe brown hair, was standing at the kitchen door, on her return from a tour of inspection to the snug little barn and carriage-house, which she had personally seen was secure for the night ever since her husband's death.

Her cheeks were flushed to the tint of an oleander flower by the keen kiss of the frosty air, and her eyes were glowing like blue fires as she stood there on the moment the broad band of white moonlight that lay athwart the floor like a silent blessing. Then, with a little involuntary exclamation at the perfect beauty of the night, she went in, locked the door after her, for her three servants were all retired for the night, and then gave a little shriek, for, standing in the self-same accustomed place he was wont to occupy, and looking as natural as if it were himself in the flesh, was her husband. She stifled her shriek, and tried bravely to feel brave, but her heart was tearing around very undisciplinedly and she realized that she was looking upon a bona fide ghost—a veritable inhabitant of the land of eternal shadows.

"Will!" she said, faintly, with her hand tight on the handle of the door. "Will, is it you?"

His voice was precisely as it had been in the old days—mellow, musical, a little domineering—Will's, undeniably, unmistakably.

"Who should it be but I, Nellie, and come on purpose to communicate with you."

"Yes," she gasped; "but what for? I have tried to have done everything that I thought you would wish. There is nothing wrong, Will?"

The pale, moonlighted face, the speckless black suit, the spotless linen, the very same in which he had been buried, the low, familiar voice—it paralyzed Nellie, and yet, aided by the very material contact of the door-knob, she stood her ground, and listened.

"Nothing is wrong with you, Nellie, but ask me. I can't rest in my grave knowing the wrong that you have done for my sake. I come to revoke my decision, to give you my full permission to marry again, and my advice to marry Horace Levison. Promise me you will do it, and I will rest peacefully forever."

"Yes, Will! If you say so—if you think it best—yes!—yes, I will!"

Her face was pale enough now to have passed for a ghost herself.

"Go look at the big clock in the dining-room, Nellie, and see if it is near the stroke of twelve."

She went down, mechanically, at his behest; and when she came back, he was gone, and the moonlight streamed in on an empty room.

Then the reaction followed, and Nellie flew up to her bedroom, and locked the door, and covered her head with a shawl, and sobbed and cried hysterically, until her over-wrought nerves found relief in sleep.

The next day Mr. Levison sent a little note over, apologizing for his seeming discourtesy in not coming to bid her good-by on his sudden departure for an indefinite time, and telling her that her cruel decision never to marry again had been the cause of it, and that they might never meet again, etc., etc.

To which Nellie, all pale, alarmed and crimson with confusion, penciled an answer, assuring him she had changed her mind, and begging him to come over to lunch, to see her, and meet her brother-in-law, who had only just arrived from abroad.

Of course Mr. Levison came, and it didn't take two minutes to settle it, nor did he laugh at her when she solemnly related her experience of the night before.

"For it was his ghost, Harry, just as true as I am alive and speaking to you!"

"A jolly old fellow, a thoughtful, painstaking spirit, Nellie! Bless his ghostship, we'll hold him in eternal remembrance."

Nor did his countenance change a feature, even when he and Nellie and Fred Willard discussed the marvelously obliging kindness of the departed.

Nor did pretty, blooming, blushing Mrs. Nellie ever for a moment dream that her visitant was Fred himself, assisted by a wig and false whiskers—nor was there any need she should know, for her happiness was secured, her conscience at ease.

Topics of the Time.

—By statistics it is shown that within the limits of the island of Java every year about three hundred people are eaten by carnivora, two hundred by the crocodiles, one hundred killed by the rhinoceros, five hundred killed by lightning, while one hundred die by snake bites, and a varying number by earthquakes and volcanic action.

Silver in Nevada was first discovered very strangely. A woman picked up a stone to throw at her husband. It was so heavy that she examined it, and it proved to be a lump of silver; \$50,000,000 was the result of this to the country. The women must remember that there is no silver in this State, so no experiments.

—The Kahn of Khiva is a pleasant person of about eight-and-twenty, with a merry twinkle in his eye, very unusual among Orientals. He dresses richly, and wears a black astrakhan hat of sugar-loaf shape. He is, upon occasion, hospitable and friendly; but he has vague notions about the world outside his own dominions. He asked Capt. Burnaby whether Englishmen and Germans are of the same nation; and if the Queen could have a subject's head cut off; and he uttered the remarkable statement that China belonged to England.

In spite of the heat of politics and the stringency of the times, the South is making progress in manufacturing and industrial enterprise. A new cotton-mill, with 21,500 spindles, is nearly finished at Atlanta, Ga., and an immense mill at Nashville, Tenn., is employing an increased number of operatives. The development of manufactures in these States is slow but constant, and the successful operation of a cotton-mill near New Orleans strengthens the impression that that city may become an important manufacturing center. The intelligent planters and farmers of Northern Georgia and East Tennessee are availing themselves of Yankee inventive genius, and are introducing improved farm implements and machinery. These are the best signs of the times in the Southern States.

—A sturdy countryman named John Dunning lived with his family in a hut in the wilderness in Madison county, N. Y. One day lately he saw a bear passing his house, and set out in pursuit with a rifle and hunting-knife and his dog.

Night came on and he did not return. The following day passed, and yet he did not return. His wife, becoming alarmed at his absence, went to a neighboring settlement and enlisted the assistance of a couple of men, who plunged into the wilderness to discover the missing man. After a most fatiguing search, lasting several hours, they came upon the mangled remains of Dunning and his dog, while near him lay three dead panthers. Two of them bore marks of having been shot, while the mother met her death fighting Dunning, who had plunged his hunting-knife into her body.

—Thirty-eight years ago the 19th of November a terrible fire broke out at a convent school for young ladies in the town of Limoges. At the last moment it was perceived that one of the pensionnaires had been left in her room. There appeared to be no hope of saving her, when a handsome girl, with floating locks and disheveled array, rushed through the crowd, crying: "Let me do it!" She dashed into the flames, and reappeared, carrying the child. A few days afterward Louis Philippe sent the heroine a gold medal, and a captain in the French army who had witnessed her courage asked to be presented to her. That captain is now President of the French Empire, and the heroine is his wife.

—The Denver (Col.) Tribune has this story: "Twelve years ago a family moved from Illinois to this city. Soon after arriving here a daughter was born to the female head of the household, and being favorably impressed with the country and hopeful for the lookout, they named the youngest Great Prospects. Not long after another daughter was born, and a name was found in a singular manner. The names of Illinois and Colorado were reversed, and the little one is now doomed to go through the world as Sionilli Odarolock. In the meantime, Great Prospects has grown to be of considerable size, and in this regard we observe that, while the faith implied by the naming. As yet, at least, there has appeared no cause for the reversal of the name, and she has only suffered by a diminution of her cognomen to the common word 'Specs.'"

Ripples.

A man in St. Louis fell down stairs, and was supposed to be dead until it was found he was a book agent. He revived unhurt.

The bustling Burlington Hawkeye has been to church often enough to observe that many a man sits herself in a pew in seven motions; a man with one.

An old edition of Morse's geography says: "Albany has 400 dwelling-houses and 1,400 inhabitants, all standing with their gable-ends to the street."

Are blacksmiths, who make a living by forging or carpentering, do a little counter-fitting, any worse than men who sell iron and steel for a living?

"Suppose I should work myself up to the interrogation point?" said a bean to his sweetheart. "I should respond with an exclamation," was the prompt reply.

"Why don't you literary men get rich?" asked a lady of a Bohemian. "I don't know," he replied, "unless it is that dollars and sense never go together."

A compositor, setting up a report of a horse-race, said the "fool-sellers were busy," instead of the "pool-sellers." But it did not alter the sense of the paragraph.

When a man has been hard at work in an obscure way for years, and at length achieves success, nine-tenths of his acquaintances insist on him by offering congratulations on his "luck."

"Thomas, of what fruit is cider made?" "Don't know, sir." "Why, what a stupid boy! What did you get when you robbed Farmer Jones' orchard?" "I got a thrashing, sir."

"My dear," said a husband to his wife, on observing red-striped stockings on his heir, "why have you made barber's poles of our child's legs?" "Because he is a little shaver," was the reply.

Cider plays a great part in a Norman wedding. A young girl is seated upon a full cask, and she must drink both the first and the last glass it contained in order to be married within a year.

If you wish to learn German, never commence with the German fute! Boarding-houses have been broken up, and back-stair lodgers blown to pale shadows, through this melancholy instrument.

There is said to be a benevolent gentleman in Boston who gives 25 cents for religious purposes every time he swears. He has already sworn a new stepple on the Presbyterian Church, and is now engaged "cussing" up a gift to the Home Missionary Society.

"The Saturday Journal is now the Leading Literary Paper of New York."—*Examiner.*

Prospectus for 1877
OF THE
NEW YORK SATURDAY JOURNAL.

This popular Home and Fireside Weekly, for the year 1877 will be noticeably Strong, Brilliant and Attractive.

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